


THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MARCH

1945



A Story by Paul Gallico

The Veteran's Return
Reports from 16 Cities

DEAN
SINKER

More Parker 51's coming...

BUT THE DEMAND RUNS HIGHER



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

IT HAS been called the "most wanted" pen in all the world! Yet words alone can never tell you why...

There's the richness of its smooth and tapered beauty... the way it draws admiring glances... the sense of pride it brings.

For the Parker "51" is no mass-production pen. Each one is made with the sound, precision craftsmanship that is a 56-year-old Parker tradition. We will build as many as our work on important war assignments and our high standards will permit—but no more.

Such care pays big dividends

in the eager "feel" of the "51" in your hand... the way it starts on the instant and floats across the page with never a whisper of sound.

Then, a surprise... *it writes dry with wet ink!* No blotter is needed. Only the "51" can use the world's fastest drying ink, Parker "51" Ink. It can, of course, also use any ordinary ink.

The demand for Parker 51's is rapidly mounting... so place a reservation

order with your dealer, now. This pen is worth waiting for!

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

Make Your Dollars Fight—BUY WAR BONDS

◆ **GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT!**
Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

PARKER

“51”

WHOOSH! AND
YOU'RE OUT
IN FRONT—



There's a *Ford* in your future!

▶ You will scarcely know it's running when it idles. Yet when that smooth, soft-spoken motor springs into action, you'll go surging out ahead. . . . Yes, it will be fleet—this Ford that will come with peace. Fleet . . . and smartly styled. A sturdy beauty—rich appearing inside and out—with vigorous, youthful lines, suggesting power

and smooth, new riding comfort. . . . You'll find this car thrifty and reliable in the finest Ford tradition. It will include many refinements to add to your motoring pleasure. . . . This is not wishful thinking. When the green light is given, we will be ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, the full resources

and energies of Ford are engaged in turning out war goods to help speed the day of final VICTORY!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY





THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1945
VOLUME 38 • NO. 3

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

The Editor's Corner

THE thrilling news of the American landing on Luzon and the March on Manila came too late for more than a token mention in this issue. An interesting *souvenir de guerre* dealing with Corregidor, the fortress which guards Manila, will be found on page 32. I'm certain every Legionnaire will get a thrill out of it, realizing that the things for which MacArthur, Wainwright and Colonel Teague fought in those days of our humiliation and that of the Filipinos are in process of realization now.

(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, you don't need to use first class mail. Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope.

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN

BY BETTINA STEINKE

LET'S FIGHT WITH ALL OUR MIGHT!

BY EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING
National Commander

6

CORRESPONDENTS EXPENDABLE

BY GAULT MACGOWAN

9

THE VETERAN'S RETURN

BY CHARLES HURD

10

NIGHT BUS TO CLEVELAND

BY PAUL GALLICO

12

Illustrated by Herman Giesen

AFTER DISCHARGE: SCHOOL?

BY TYRRELL KRUM

14

GERMAN ATROCITY

BY GEORGE KENT

19

Illustration by Percy Leason

MAKE THE TRAINING MILITARY

BY RUPERT HUGHES

20

Cartoon by John Cassel

RAW COURAGE STOPPED IT

BY JAMES CASSIDY

21

BEFORE THE AID MAN CAME

BY HAMILTON GREENE

22

Illustrated by the Author

THE SCHEIBERLINGS

24

THE GILBERTS

25

DOGTAG DOINGS

Conducted by JOHN J. NOLL

26

ABELLO OF LEYTE

BY BOYD B. STUTLER

52

Drawing by Carl Pfeufer

IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to a new address will be found on page 51.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion, Copyright 1945. Published monthly at 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Claude S. Ramsey, Raleigh, N. C., Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa, Vice-Chairman. Members of Commission: Edward N. Scheiberling, Indianapolis, Ind., ex-officio; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; Le Roy D. Downs, South Norwalk, Conn.; Harry R. Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Daguerre, Downingtown, Pa.; Joseph Partridge, Lake Charles, La.; Tom W. McCaw, Columbus, O.; Harry Benoit, Twin Falls, Idaho; James P. Hollers, San Antonio, Tex.; T. H. McGovern, Charleston, W. Va.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Frank Lisiecki; Associate Editor, John J. Noll. Overseas Correspondents, Boyd B. Stutler and Frank Miles.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

That genius is the ability to take endless pains is proved with every sip of Old Grand-Dad. For in this prime example of the distiller's art nothing has been spared that adds to the bourbon-drinkers' delight. Waiting for you here is the flavor of sun-ripened grain brought to full peak by years in soothing oak. Why not get acquainted with Old Grand-Dad by heading your next list of guests with the Head of the Bourbon Family!

Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof —
4 Years Old

Head
of the
Bourbon



OLD GRAND-DAD

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.



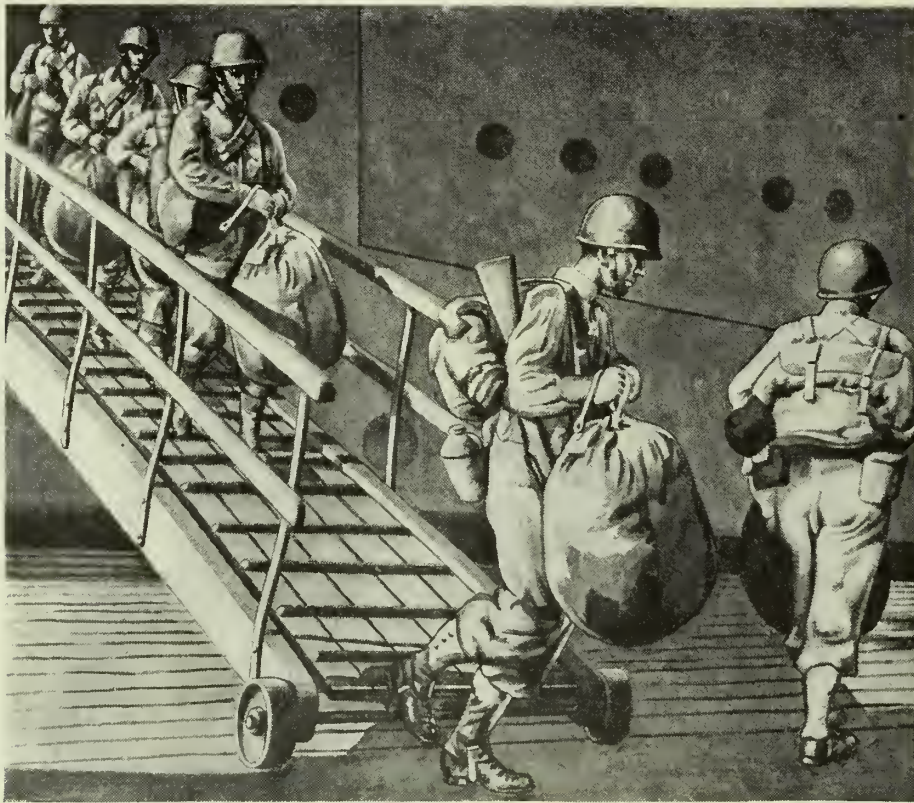
Off the ship -and on the telephone

This evening thousands of service men will be asking for the Long Distance lines that connect them with their homes all over America.

You'll be doing them a real favor if you help keep the lines open from 7 to 10 P. M. They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





"Will YOU **HELP PAVE THEIR WAY** **TO JOB OPPORTUNITIES?"**

ASKS

Bob Bowes

★ Let's not wait until returning service men are coming down the gangplanks . . . Let's plan NOW to create job opportunities for them. Let's not wait for a Bonus March. Let's head it off by planning ahead. Your business, and mine, large or small, NEEDS these men. They're fighting for America . . . for US. NOW it's our turn to join in the fight to make American Enterprise work . . . to prove to these "Fighters" that we appreciate what they are doing for us.

THESE MEN MUST BE OFFERED REAL OPPORTUNITIES

We have a plan which gives returning veterans the opportunity they want . . . a chance to build a business of their own. We're paving the way back for them with job opportunities, not just "jobs."

We have found that returning service men are keenly interested in our plan . . . a plan which puts them on their own . . . RIGHT NOW. If YOU are interested in the future of our country . . . and . . . Free Enterprise . . . write and we'll send you an outline of this plan.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

BOWES



Dependable
TIRE REPAIR
SYSTEM

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

RUPERT HUGHES, too long absent from our columns, in *Make the Training Military* gives you some excellent reasons why in the matter of adopting Universal Military Training as a continuing national policy the time is now . . . Continuing our coverage of conditions confronting men and women being discharged from the services (totalling more than a million and a half at the end of 1944) we offer a round-up, in *The Veteran's Return*, of the situation in sixteen of our largest cities. These factual accounts were furnished to Charles Hurd, Editor of Veterans' Intelligence for the New York Times, by correspondents in their respective communities, all of them newspapermen who reported the situation as they saw it and not as the local authorities would have liked it presented. Mr. Hurd assembled the data and wrote the foreword . . . Tyrrell Krum, two-war veteran and Legionnaire who is Veterans' Editor of the Washington Times-Herald, in *After Discharge: School?* tells you about the way in which the GI Bill of Rights educational sections are being made available to discharges.

EVERY Legionnaire is proud to know that the Women's Army Corps of the U. S. Army has formed a company named for our own Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a Legion founding father. Gen. Roosevelt died in France a few weeks after D-Day last summer. The posthumous award of the Medal of Honor was a fitting recognition of a brilliant career in this war which enhanced a reputation for valor he earned with the First Division in 1918. This is the second WAC Company named for an individual. The first honors Lieut. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, the hero of Bataan who is a prisoner of the Japanese.

STUART LITTLE, two-war Legionnaire who belongs to Belvidere Brooks Post in New York City, writes us: "*A Little Matter of Rank* (November, 1944 issue), which described the experiences of this aged West Pointer as a GI in World War Two has had happy repercussions. A sergeant who nurtured me tenderly in 1918 when I was freshly out of West Point wrote me from the Aleutians to say that he was still in the service and inquire, 'How the heck are you, Sir?'; Joe Cranston, once the best boxer in my class if not the whole world, wrote from Assam that he is now a brigadier general and weighs two pounds more than a taxicab. The last time the general and I had seen each other was at graduation exercises at the Infantry School when we were newly-promoted lieutenants in 1920.

"Colonel Stoddard of the Port of Embarkation of Seattle said seeing my name in print reminded him of New Jersey National Guard, Sea Girt, apple jack and the be-

ginning of the depression. An electric light company in Maryland wrote that seeing my name reminded them of the depression, too, and would I kindly and at my earliest convenience?"

LOWELL E. GILDNER, now a member of the Post at Santa Monica, California, gives us the story of how the steamship *American Legion* happened to get its name, and in the belief that very few people know the facts I am glad to share with you the letter which this former Adjutant of Post 98 in New Jersey sent in to us. Comrade Gildner:

"While reading the October 1944 issue of *The American Legion Magazine* it was a great and very pleasant surprise to discover the picture and article covering the ship *American Legion*.

"To the best of my knowledge, no article has ever appeared relative to how this ship received its name.

"In July 1919, a group of veterans employed by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation organized Post 98, New Jersey, with Lt. Lamb, U.S.N., as our first Commander.

"We had meetings regularly after work in the yard. At the time there were six 10,000-ton combination passenger and cargo vessels on the ways, with one ready to be launched in about two weeks' time.

"This ship was to be christened *Washington State* and all the various officials from that State were ready to converge on the yard for the christening.

"Lt. Lamb suggested to several of us that it would be a good idea to see if we could have this ship christened with the name *American Legion*. The idea took hold like fire and was approved by the Post.

"Lt. Lamb from there on in took complete charge, and to make a long story short, in a few days the letters on the bow were removed and there on the ways stood the good ship *American Legion*.

"Of course the State of Washington officials were not too pleased over this alteration in their plans. But on the scheduled date of launching the *American Legion* slid down the ways in a blaze of glory. Its career since then is history.

HERE'S a "Dedication Pledge to GI Joe" by Dr. Benney Benson, Past Department Chaplain of the Department of New York, which is a splendid wartime version of the *The American's Creed* by William Tyler Page which most Americans know:

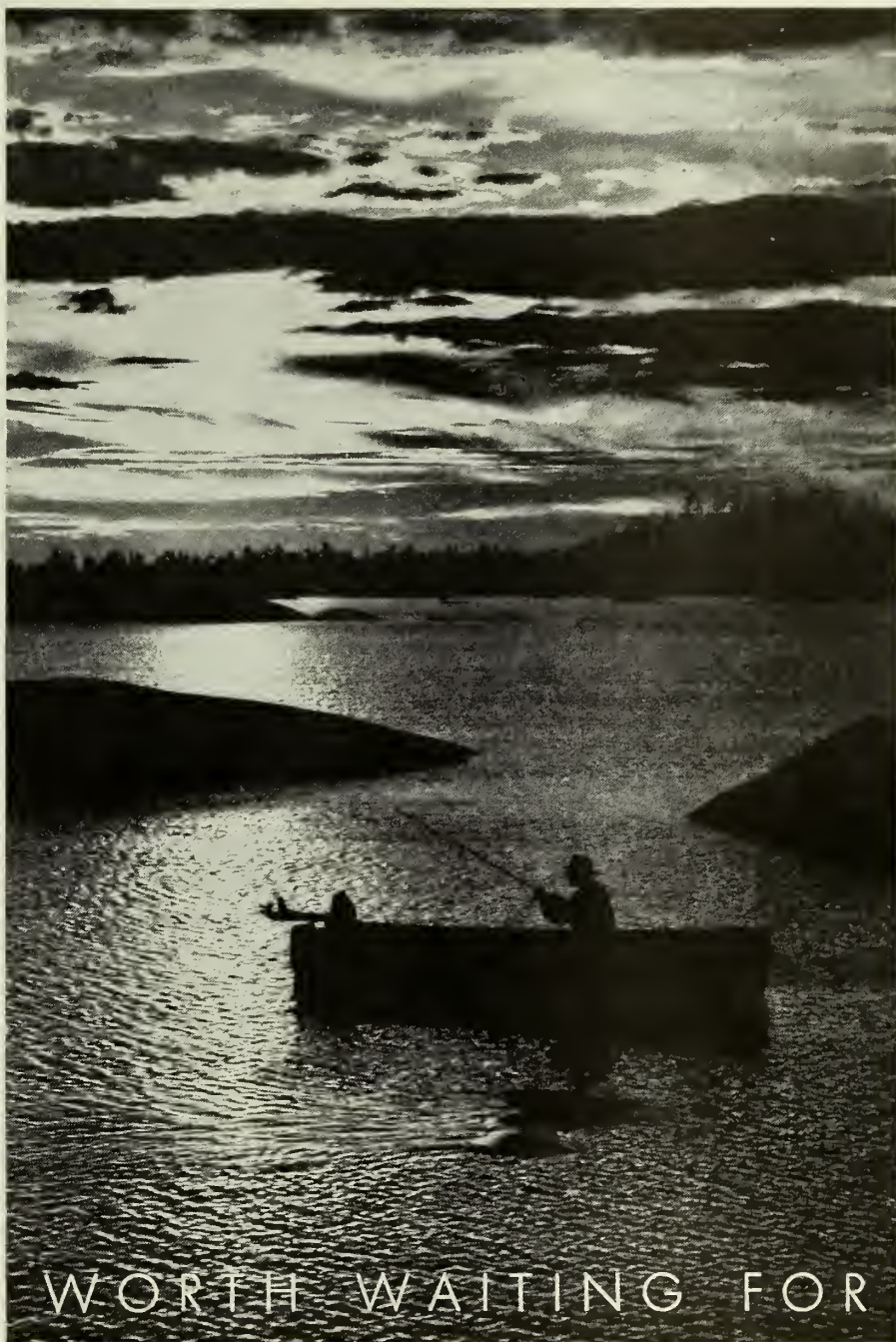
"I pledge allegiance to every GI Joe of my America

And to the Homeland with its Bill of Rights for which they fight,

I lay upon the altar of their service all I am and have,

Including future years and all I ever hope to be.

Attest—my life, my fortune and my sacred honor." ALEXANDER GARDINER



FISHING'S more fun than fighting . . . as twelve million fighting Americans will fervently agree. *Keeping on* producing everything *they* need is all that counts today. That is why the Evinrude you want for happy peacetime use may not be ready as quickly as you, and we, would like. All we can promise is . . . it will be *worth waiting for!* Evinrude Motors, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

EVINRUDE



OUTBOARD MOTORS

SPEED THE DAY . . . FOR THEM — FOR YOU . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Let's fight with ALL our might!



by

EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING

National Commander
The American Legion

It is our purpose in The American Legion to stimulate national solidarity and teamwork, unity of action in every activity which will help to win this war completely and finally in every theater. After that, we want orderly demobilization and adequate jobs and opportunities; the maintenance of individual freedom and the American way of life; the safeguarding of our nation from attack from any and every quarter; and an effective formula for maintaining peace.

We have demonstrated to the world during this tragic war the marvelous power of the American people when they face a grave emergency.

The United States stands before the world today, as a nation which fights its way through, without the inefficiencies so often attributed to popular government. We stand as a united people of high courage on the battlefronts. We have shown vast resourcefulness for unparalleled production of the tools of war. We must continue to be as united in protecting and strengthening our democratic institutions; in seeing that they function for the common good as a symbol of hope for free men everywhere.

There is one reason, above all others, why we have made the progress which we have in this conflict. It is because the great body of the American people—with few exceptions—forgetting all differences of racial origin, of religious beliefs or political concepts, have made the winning of the war their first order of business.

To the prosecution of the war, the American people have given their young men and young women; their resources and their most concerted effort. Solidarity and teamwork explain both our great productivity and the advance of our armed forces on the opposite sides of the world. Solidarity and teamwork have brought into bold characters the outlines of Victory that were so dim after Pearl Harbor.

We know *now* that we cannot relax our efforts here at home, but rather, we must intensify them to meet the urgent call of our military leadership for more munitions and supplies, to continue the splendid progress of our armed forces. Our uninterrupted endeavors for them must continue until the forces of aggression are completely routed.

We must now resolve, as a people, to keep alive and in full play this national solidarity and teamwork. After the war is won we shall apply it in solving the great problems growing out of this conflict. At no time in the history of our country has there been a greater call for unity of purpose and co-operative effort, unity in speeding Victory; unity in facing the vital problems of peace; unity in preventing another of these world conflicts; unity in preserving and giving new life to our processes of democracy and unity in safeguarding these processes against the visionary theories that seem to breed in emergencies.

Analysis, discussion and an exchange of opinion are essential in deciding the merits of proposed methods of solving crucial problems. But we can agree on broad principles and objectives. We look for and expect unanimity of opinion on sound policies and wholesome motives that are clearly understood. We must be vigilant that, in the adjustment to the conditions of peace, no groups of our people or sections of our country will gain special advantages, at the expense of the common good or of those who are absent in defense of our liberties. These are among the foremost aims of The American Legion.



Continental

Red Seal

★ Engines



POWER TO WIN

Follow the Stars

Each red star indicates vital equipment powered by Continental Red Seal Engines.

However, they point to only a few of more than 50 important applications of Continental Red Seal Power — the Power to Win — to better equip our fighting forces.

After victory the skilled experience that has made this war contribution possible will be turned to the great task of rebuilding a war-torn world.



Awarded to the
Detroit and Muskegon
Plants of
Continental Motors
Corporation
for High Achievement

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Your Dollars are Power, Too! Buy War Bonds and Keep Them!

Helping the sick get well



LAMPS that kill germs . . . X rays to guide the surgeon's fingers . . . operating rooms bathed in glareless light . . . air conditioning to screen out street noises and dust.

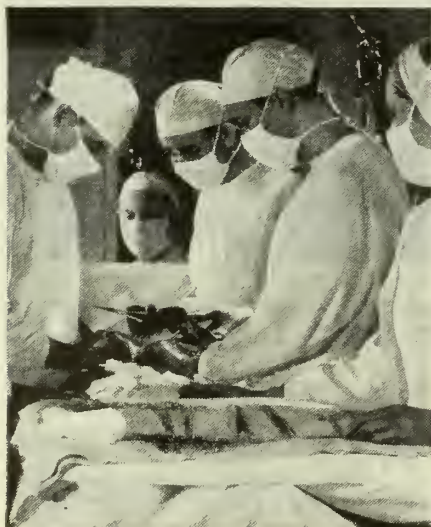
Helping the sick get well is only one of the contributions of General Electric. From the research and engineering in G.E.'s laboratories come products to make your work easier, your home brighter, creating new comforts, better jobs.

The pictures you see here are typical of things accomplished for you by G-E research and engineering. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

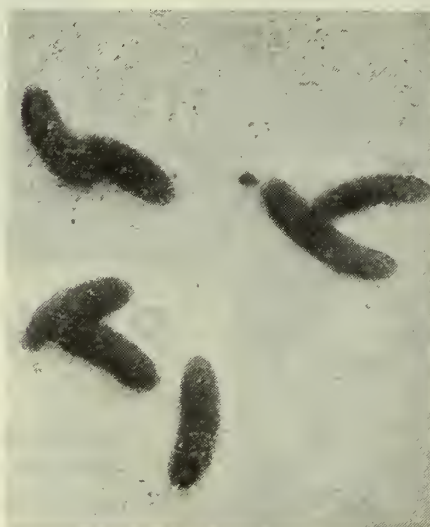


Mirror of D-Day injury! How X rays speed treatment of war injuries is shown in this picture of Seaman Brazinski's thigh. On D-Day a German mine shattered his boat, blew him 20 feet in air. Rescued by an LST, rushed to England, X rays quickly defined his injury, permitted accurate setting. Portable G-E

X-ray machines at St. Albans Naval Hospital, L. I., regularly check his progress. Through the skill of doctors 97 per cent of the wounded in this war are saved. The modern form of X-ray tube was invented by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, G-E scientist. X-ray units built by the G.E. X-Ray Corp. are at battlefronts the world over.



New lamp kills germs . . . Germ-laden air is purified by the new G-E germicidal lamp. It is already at work in hospitals, in battlefront operating rooms. Tried in a school classroom during a measles epidemic, only one-fourth as many children contracted measles, as compared with unprotected classrooms.



Seeing the invisible . . . The electron microscope, more powerful than ordinary microscopes, gives doctors a new tool to fight disease. Here is the germ, *bacillus subtilis*, magnified 8,000 times. G-E engineers are working to make available a portable electron microscope for industry.



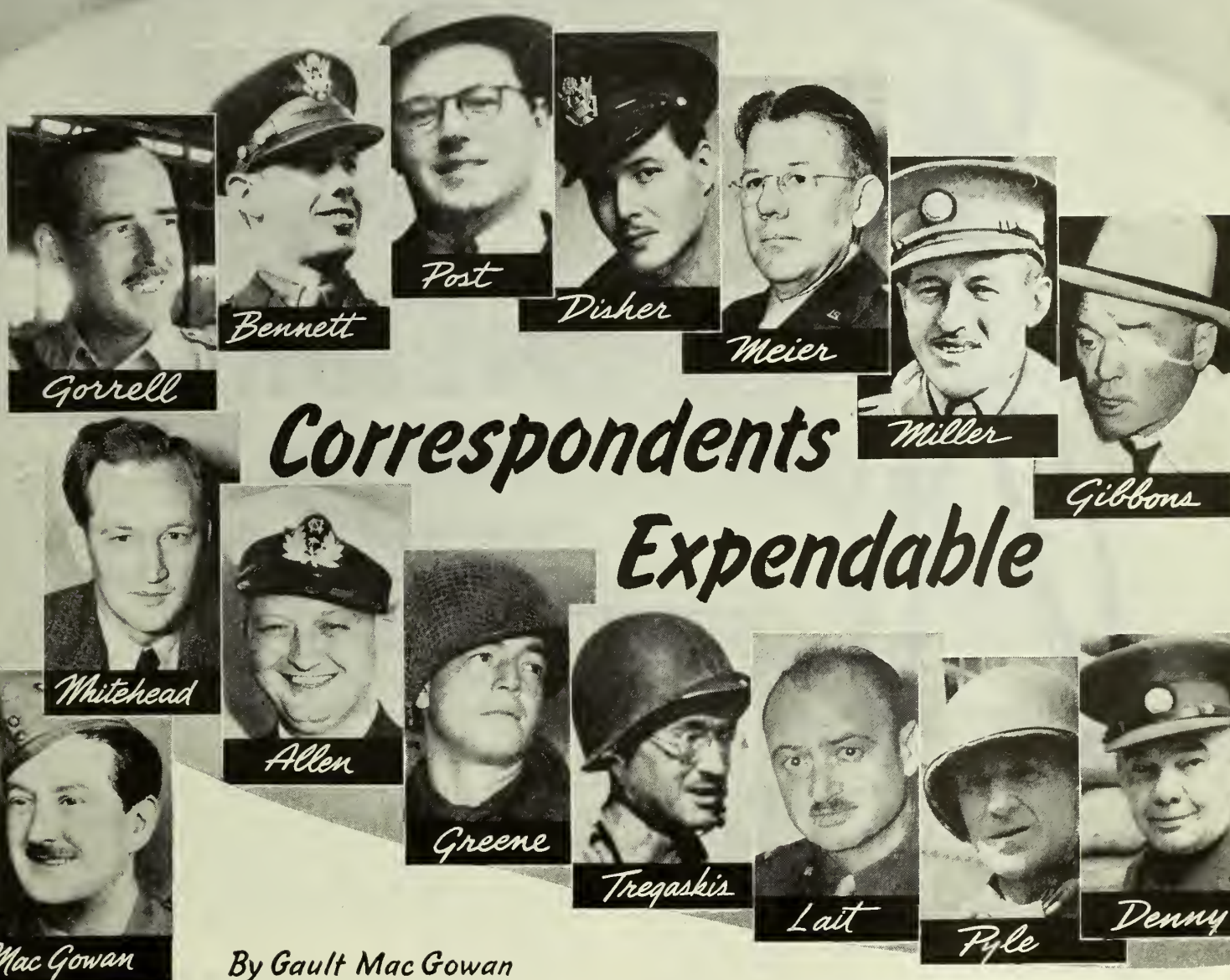
Helps treat Infantile Paralysis . . . Doctors wanted hot packs to relieve pain and reduce muscular spasms, but such steam packs tended to burn. G-E workers put together a machine for hospital use that produces heated packs that even at 180°F. will not burn the patient's skin.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-624-211



By Gault Mac Gowan

WE HAVE more war correspondents in this war than in any war in history. But we lose more of them. Newsmen at the front are expendable!

In the last war, newsmen were given less personal freedom of action by the authorities. I think only one correspondent was a casualty then—Floyd Gibbons.

Webb Miller, as I remember, was the first U.S. correspondent to be killed in this war. After surviving all kinds of hazards in France and Finland, he was knocked out by a simple black-out accident that might happen to anyone. He stepped out of a train on the wrong side.

Next came the turn of James Minifie of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He lost an eye in the London blitz. A long procession of casualties has passed since then. One of the latest is Hamilton Greene of this magazine. He was wounded in the stomach by

a sniper's bullet while accompanying troops attacking the German city of Geilenkirchen.

The conscience of a front-rank newsman or cameraman is no longer satisfied by a view of a battle from a friendly hilltop. He conceives it his duty to write not only what he sees through his binoculars but what the men who are doing the fighting say as they die.


Larry Meier of International News Service—one of my companions at Dieppe—was wounded while going ashore in a landing craft with the assaulting infantry.

Of the group shown on this page, some have been killed, some wounded, some, as in MacGowan's case, taken prisoner. Floyd Gibbons is the only one not of the present war

Bill Disher of United Press was wounded in the assault on Oran. Bill Stoneman on the Chicago *Daily News* had his motorcar shot from under him while going through the lines of the mechanized infantry.

Following the eclipse of the old time newsman who covered war as best he could with little help and plenty of opposition, from the Army, there was a period when war correspondents in uniform were led around by military officers. We saw only what this "bear-leader" or "nursemaid" as we called him, allowed us to see. But gradually we shook ourselves free of such trammels and though some nations still cling to the system, our Army has conceded the freedom of the press almost as much on the battlefields as at home. Today public relations officers are generous in assisting the ambitious young war correspondent to see all he wants of the fighting.

(Continued on page 30)



THE VETERAN'S RETURN

by **CHARLES HURD**

Editor, Veterans' Intelligence, New York Times

***Factual reports by newspapermen in sixteen cities
showing how well our largest places are
fitting discharges into their community life***

THE SUCCESS of demobilization plans depends entirely on bridging the gap between programs born in Washington and the ultimate application of those plans to the individual veteran in the weeks after he is discharged from any of the military services.

The full test of the planning for veterans will come only with the end of fighting and mass discharges. There is today, however, a miniature testing of plans and machinery, with an estimated 1,500,000 men and women already returned to civilian life. True, jobs currently are plentiful and a time probably will come when they will not be.

The benefit programs, mostly incorporated in the GI Bill of Rights, are just coming into play. This bill sets up, at the national level, a full series of benefits—job preference for veterans, combined with job protection for former workers now in uniform whose re-employment is generally guaranteed in the Selective Service Act; partially guaranteed loans for the purchase of homes, farms or small business; special educational opportunities for the disabled and liberal educational allowances for all honorably discharged veterans. Its full operation will be the great test of the success of plans for veterans of World War II.

ATLANTA, GA.

Of an estimated 50,000 persons called to service 5,000 have returned. All physically-sound veterans are in jobs and many disabled have been rehabilitated. Industry finds USES* tremendously beneficial and is highly co-operative with Veterans Admin-

istration and local planning groups. Atlanta itself is setting up a central information center, tied in with a vocational training program which last year trained a total of persons second only to California. It is estimated industry must operate 30 percent above 1939-40 level to provide suitable jobs for all veterans, and that goal seems realizable. Educational program is getting under way.

But what of the community operation? What are the cities doing and what do they propose to do? How are the Federal agencies working out in their local operations?

The American Legion Magazine sought the answers from experienced news reporters. Correspondents in each of sixteen cities were requested by me to contribute a thumb-nail analysis of the present operations and the future outlook as of December 20, 1944.

These reports have been edited to fit limited space, but they are the unchanged observations of men on the spot—city editors of newspapers, distinguished local reporters, or editors already specializing in the veterans' problems of their communities.

A surprising note in them is the optimism found in such war-industrialized centers as Atlanta and Denver. Detroit reports fear that reconversion to peace-time operations will take considerable time. The West Coast outlook is perhaps the most uncertain of all.

Yet through these reports runs a thread of confidence that perhaps is the most typically American factor in the approach to a problem as challenging in its way as was mobilization for war on the day after Pearl Harbor.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Baltimore's 90,000 men in service may not have such an easy transition to jobs as 12,000 now returned, but they will have sharper help from four directions. USES, which last month placed 817, will have an experienced "one-stop information-service station." Re-employment committeemen, four to an average local board, are practicing under a State Selective Service thor-

* USES: United States Employment Service, which currently has 1,500 full-time offices throughout the nation, as well as 3,000 branch and part-time offices.

oughly aware of its legal responsibility to veterans. Veterans Administration is cutting red tape in applying for special schooling and financial benefits. Governor and Legislature expect to provide by July 1, 1945, a well-financed Information Center.

BOSTON, MASS.

Figures on men in service and those discharged are held as confidential here. State Committees, Selective Service, USES and Veterans Administration all working closely together and in war boom there is no difficulty placing current veterans. Old line industries such as shipbuilding and shoe manufacturing are co-operating in plans, with many offering refresher courses for returning workers. Prospects of post-war employment in new industries appear slim. There is obvious need for better co-ordination of veteran-aid agencies but this is taking place.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Sixty thousand veterans out of 500,000 plus in metropolitan Chicago have been discharged. Post-war prospects for mass re-employment are rosy. Industry foresees expansion, plans great home-building and manufacturing programs. Already 105 major businesses have blueprints to absorb vets. Local governments plan extensive street, highway and park projects. Today 100 agencies assist veterans, including city Veterans' Information Service. Most powerful is USES, which places vets in jobs. Draft boards mainly get jobs back for vets. Most veterans' personnel sections are headed by veterans of both World Wars. Expected only about 75 percent of vets will want immediate employment, 10 percent going to school under GI Bill, 10 percent taking vocational training, 5 percent farming or entering own business. School aid now granted to 3,400, 1,500 accepted; vocational aid to 8,000, 520 accepted.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

After slow start, Cleveland's program of assistance to veterans now shows signs of be-

coming a really effective one. Veterans' Information and Referral Center was opened downtown late in December. United States Civil Service Commission has taken floor in same building while Veterans Administration will occupy another. Re-employment machinery of Selective Service has yet to be tested. Optimism prevails concerning city's ability to absorb the approximately 140,000 men from Greater Cleveland who are in service, of whom 5,000 have returned. Much effort will be required to educate service trades and small manufacturers in responsibilities to the veteran.

DENVER, COLO.

Eight percent of 33,000 servicemen from Denver's metropolitan area have returned. All have found jobs, hospitalization or vocational training, if wanted. Officials predict all veterans will be re-absorbed through a "Denver co-operative plan" co-ordinating local Veterans' Advisory Council, draft boards, Veterans Bureau and USES. Peacetime job prospects: Kaiser Industries and old-line Denver plants contemplate reconversion from war to civilian goods production here. City has prospective \$3,000,000 post-war fund; State, \$8,000,000 surplus for improvements. Chamber of Commerce reports fifteen eastern firms plan post-war operations here. Public schools offer full opportunity for vocational training. Denver University and other institutions have created special courses for returned servicemen.

DETROIT, MICH.

With estimated 250,000 metropolitan area men in service, Detroit meets its veteran problem through co-operation of all Federal agencies with Detroit Council for Veterans' Affairs. Using current budget of \$50,000, appropriated by the city, Council operates the Veterans' Information Center, a referral agency which has serviced 4,017 of the estimated 30,000 veterans located here. Job agencies such as Selective Service and USES have no immediate problems. Leading industries and Board of Education

have instituted vocational, educational, employment and rehabilitation programs. With the city's foundation of established industry, thousands of veterans can be absorbed, but reconversion will slow the process. Jobs for all applicants will be a question.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

About 1,100 of the approximately 18,000 men from this metropolitan area in the armed forces have returned. With few exceptions involving mental instability, all have been established in jobs to their liking. One reason is establishment here a year ago by Veterans' Council, representing 21 veterans' organizations, of a Veterans' Information Service Center at the Chamber of Commerce. Another reason is the work of USES, plus the close co-operation of draft boards. Most of the veterans better themselves by entering a different field of work than they occupied before entering service. Many are taking technical and night college work available to them under the GI Bill of Rights. Impossible to estimate future.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

City-wide committee of all types of organizations co-ordinates work of thirty-five veteran welfare agencies in the Kansas City metropolitan area. Approximately 60,000 men have entered service; about 3,000 discharged. One sub-committee places discharged veterans. Another promotes conversion of war plants for post-war jobs. Returning Veterans' Committee will open reception center soon. Ex-servicemen prefer to work at present wages and defer decisions on educational and vocational training opportunities.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Approximate number of men from Los Angeles County 250,000. Separated from service same area, 32,000. USES says industry is promptly, efficiently handling at least 95 percent of returning men. Men are being placed at rate of 150-200 daily, mostly

(Continued on page 37)



Night Bus to Cleveland

By Paul Gallico



IT WAS dark on the highway at eleven o'clock at night, so dark that not until his eyes had become well accustomed to the blackness could Ex-Sergeant Bill Avery make out the edge of the tarred, secondary highway that led from Setonia to Bell City Junction, where he planned to catch the quarter to twelve night bus to Cleveland.

He was still wearing his uniform with his ribbons on it. His belongings he carried in a small suitcase. He could have taken the local bus from Setonia to his connection, but there was always liable to be some of the gang hanging around the bus terminal or in the Elite Restaurant next door. There would be questions asked. Talk would get around. And there was also the fact that Betty-Mae worked at the Elite as night cashier. He didn't want Betty-Mae, or his mother, or anyone in Setonia for that matter to know that he was gone until he was out of reach for good. They'd find out in plenty of time when they read the notes he had left. And so he preferred to walk the three miles beneath the sheltering mantle of darkness.

His old wound in his hip was not bothering him. In fact he felt good as new, good enough to convince a medical board that he ought to be back in the Army. Colonel Benson, his old C.O. would help him. It was Benson who had helped him get his medical discharge. Avery knew he was on leave in Cleveland. And if he couldn't get back with the gang—well, he'd just keep on going, going . . . anywhere, anything but home and Setonia.

He felt sorry to be running out on Betty-Mae because she was a sweet kid, but she'd get over it. A lot of guys were coming back and finding that what they had thought was it before they went away just wasn't it any more. That's what war did. His mother would get along. After four years, she ought to be used to not having him around. The house was paid for and everything. When Tom Avery, his father, had died in 1935, she had sold his hardware store and invested the money along with

his insurance, and was comfortably fixed.

Out beyond the belt of street lighting, it was so dark, due to the moonless cloudy sky, that trees and farm buildings were only blacker shapes to be felt rather than seen. But this was no bar to his steady progress towards Bell City Junction, for in Africa, in Sicily and in France he had grown used to fighting in the dark. Occasionally a passing car would light up the scene so that it looked like a stage set. When the car came from the direction of Setonia, he would turn away, for he had no desire to be picked up.

Avery had been walking for upwards of a quarter of an hour since leaving the limits of Setonia, when with those instincts that had become so sharpened and which had served him so well in the field until a piece of metal from a land mine had cut him down, he felt he was no longer alone.

He stopped abruptly to listen for the footsteps he felt he ought to be hearing, but a passing train in the distance was covering nearby sounds with its far-off muted nostalgic, rolling roar.

Avery walked on with the feeling that he was catching up to some one. And then in the minute, momentary gleam of light



that came from the upper story of a farmhouse set well back from the road, he thought he made out the two shapes at the side of the road, one larger, one smaller, an old man and a boy. He felt the man must be old because he seemed to be walking with the aid of a stick. The youngster, from his size must have been going on ten or eleven years. They appeared to be walking hand in hand.

Avery's long strides closed rapidly. When he came abreast of them he heard the old man's voice speaking out of the darkness—"Good evening, soldier . . ."

Avery replied, "Good evening, sir."

The young, fresh, eager voice of the boy asked, "Is it a real soldier, grand-daddy? Has he been Over There?"

There was a friendly, easy-going tolerance in the speech of the old man as he replied, "Guess he has, sonny." Then, addressing himself to Avery he said, "Going our way, soldier?"

Avery felt that they did **not** know him and that he was safe. He said, "I'm walking at far as Bell City Junction."

The man's voice sounded as though he had nodded acquiescence in the darkness. He said, "That's our way. Mind if we walk along with you, soldier?"

Avery said politely, "No sir, not at all."

"Fine . . . fine. Glad for a bit of company along the road on a dark night. Back from overseas, soldier?"

"Yes sir!" Bill's answers were brief. He knew the routine that always followed—how was it over there . . . are you glad to be back, etc., etc. . . . He was prepared for it now.

The old man's friendly chuckle sounded from the darkness. "I reckon you found it pretty dull back home, eh?"

Avery was startled. It was so much what had been in his thoughts. Oh God, how dull, how unbearably dull everything had been ever since he got back. It was funny, running up against a stranger in the darkness who would say it out, just like that. He said vehemently, "You bet!" and then, feeling his vehemence called for something more, explained, "I been home for two months. I got a medical discharge. I wish to God I was back in the Army."

"So you're catching the night bus out to Cleveland. I don't know that I blame you."

Avery found himself soothed by the man's ready understanding and sympathy. He said, "My colonel's there. Maybe he can get me back in again. Anyway, I ain't going back. They don't talk our language."

The old man appeared to sigh softly. "That's right," he said, "they don't talk your language. They don't know what you know. They can't understand what has happened to you, what you've seen and done. That's something they'll never be able to take away from you. It'll always be there. Civilians are just plain dumb when it comes to talking to a soldier. You got a family?"



"Grand-daddy!" cried the boy as the car flashed by them, "I can tell all the ribbons."

Avery was trying to think what the man had meant, first saying, "That's right," and then, "that's something they'll never be able to take away from you . . ." and he replied automatically, "No, only Mom, but she. . ."

"Still treats you like a kid, eh?"

Avery was so startled, he forgot what he had been trying to think about. "How did you know? That's just it. She still thinks I'm just a high school kid. Well, I was when I went in, four years ago, maybe, but by God, I'm not now."

"Of course you're not," came the lulling voice of the old man, "but it's always that way when there's a war. The women folk, they stay at home and keep their love alive by remembering you, how you were when you were a kid. And when you come back and you aren't a kid any more they just never will seem to understand it. I guess women are just plain foolish. A man who has seen action can't take being treated like a child."

It was queer, Avery thought, hearing his innermost thoughts voiced by another. That was just what he couldn't stand around the house. By God, nobody who walked that

hundred yards up the Normandy Beach on D-Day was a kid any more. And yet, the way he put it, made it sound somehow. . .

"Got a girl, I suppose. . ."

"Sure, but she. . ."

"Didn't keep up with things, somehow," the old man finished for Avery. The soldier had again the momentary thrill that comes from being understood at last. But strangely, he found himself almost defending Betty-Mae. He was seeing her little, round face beneath the brown bob, and her trusting brown eyes. He said, "Gee, she's a sweet kid enough. We went together ever since school. We had an understanding. She said she'd wait for me until I got back. She could have gone to Cleveland and got good-paying war work, I guess, but she stayed in Setonia and got a job as cashier in the Elite Beanery. My God. . ."

"And you've been to London, and maybe to Paris. You've seen the rocky wastes of Africa, the olive groves of Italy and the apple orchards of Normandy, while she saw only the streets between the Elite and her home in all those years while she was wait-

ing for you to come back. And now she's got nothing but the love she was keeping for you, and you ain't the same feller any more on account of having been away. A man can't be happy, when it's like that."

"Yeah," said Avery, "that's right." But it didn't sound right, somehow when the old man put it that way. Funny, when a guy yessed you like that it almost made you want to start to argue with him.

"I suppose they offered you a job."

"Oh, I could have had plenty of jobs," Avery said carelessly, "Ham Olsen's Garage where I used to help out, and down at the leather factory. Old man Carson even said he'd start me off at the bank if I wanted. I got a picture of myself being jawed by old man Carson, or taking guff from cock-eyed Ham."

"Of course you can't," said the old man softly. Avery listened sharply to see if there was any sarcasm in his voice, but there was none. It continued gently—"You been giving orders, son, ain't that right? How you going to settle down to taking 'em from some civilian? They ain't got any right to expect that."

(Continued on page 48)

After Discharge:

By **TYRRELL KRUM** Veterans' Editor, Washington Times-Herald

Under the GI Bill of Rights Veterans of World War Two Who Entered Service Before Their 25th Birthday Have a Wide Range of Choice at Schooling Which Uncle Sam Will Pay For. And the Over-25 Man Isn't Out of Luck, Mr. Krum Shows

RECENT surveys by the Army Service Forces among soldiers in the United States and overseas indicate that about one-third of the approximately 6,700,000 enlisted men in the Army plan to resume their education on some basis, either full- or part-time, upon returning to civilian life.

Although the Navy has no comparable checkup, observers hold the opinion that the ratio of the 3,500,000 men in our naval forces—bluejackets, marines and coast-guardsmen—will be considerably higher.

Other army surveys indicate that only seven percent of the troops have any definite plans for operating a business of their own while another five percent indicate they intend to take up farming as a profession. Another twenty-five percent have "vague" ideas and hopes of going into business or farming for themselves but are more interested in getting back to the old job in business or industry, working for the

Government or laboring on a farm. The rest of the men in the Army have no definite plans in mind.

As a backdrop to these figures on what the men themselves actually are thinking, stands the records of educational advancement during the two decades spanning the World War and the present conflict in which enrollment in secondary schools increased from 2,380,000 in 1920 to 7,200,000 in 1940.

Although most of the increase was among younger boys and girls, the increase of school attendance of youths between 18 and 20 years of age rose from 15 percent in 1920 to 24 percent in 1940.

In the first war, the percentage of men in the armed forces who had graduated or were attending college upon entry in service was five percent as compared with 13 percent in the present conflict; those who had graduated from or were still in high school were 15 percent compared with the present 53 percent, while the number of World War soldiers who had gone only to grade school or had received no school whatever was up near 80 percent compared with the 34 percent at present.

All of which brings out in bold relief the magnitude of the job placed before Frank T. Hines and his staff of assistants at the Veterans Administration whose duties will be to administer the educational and training provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and its older but less glamorous companion-piece, Public Law 16, which provides rehabilitation for disabled war veterans.

These two historic laws, drawn up by the late Seventy-Eighth Congress, are regarded



Ex-Sgt. F. Cacciola, M. C., injured in India, elects dental course at Columbia University School of Oral and Dental Surgery



H. Kirschenberg, ex-Air Corps Cadet, discusses proposed law course with James Dooley, VA Training Officer at NYU



generally and sincerely as being the finest and most extensive approach ever developed in all history by a grateful nation for setting men of a civilian army and navy back on the main line of an orderly life from which they were sidetracked by the roll of drums of war.

Together, the GI Bill and PL 16 constitute the four main girders on which rests the entire post-war educational structure built for men who offered their lives for their country and find awaiting them at home a well rounded-out program of:

School?

Permanently disabled at El Guettar, August Turco, ex-radioman, 47th Inf., is enrolled in journalism course



Above, Mech. Engr. class at NYU conducted by Prof. M. C. Giannini, Co-ordinator of Vet. Trng. Left, GI students Rosher, Leunig and Eckelman obtain books free at NYU Book Shop

vate industrial establishments at set wages sufficient to enable the veteran to become a skilled journeyman in a given trade with some additional financial assistance.

Although the foregoing four main categories may cut across each other at some phase of their operations, they nevertheless have one fundamental goal—to enable the returned serviceman or woman to resume education or vocational training interrupted by the war or to take some new line of endeavor to carve out a new career.

Did we have such a program after the First World War? To some extent, yes. It consisted primarily of vocational rehabilitation, although some universities and colleges, acting entirely on their own, did provide certain outstanding alert and ambitious veterans with scholarships.

The rehabilitation program begun in 1918 paved the way for the present one. After the First World War, 329,969 applicants registered but only 179,519 actually entered training. Slightly more than 100,000 saw the thing through to completion.

That was about the extent of the educational opportunities offered some 4,757,000 men coming out of the First World War, of whom, incidentally, 3,847,000 are still living, according to figures at the Veterans Administration. The average age of the men and boys of 1917-1918 now is 52 years.

General Hines, who has been head of the VA for more than twenty years, is determined that the great task before his office shall in no way interrupt the ordinary affairs of life through the country, either of the host of veterans who will take advantage of the educational program or of education itself.

He sums up the future course of his administration as follows:

"The Veterans Administration is stressing the importance of sound advisement and guidance not only to disabled veterans but to those non-disabled veterans who may wish to take education or training. "We will not interfere with the educa-

tional policies and procedures of the educational institutions or any educational agency.

"Qualified schools, colleges and universities and other training institutions must accept the complete responsibility for educating and training the returning veterans.

"Final responsibility rests with the appropriate agency of the State to determine whether the training institution is qualified and equipped to furnish education or training to the veteran."

These principles are in direct line of thought expressed by Chairman John E. Rankin of the House World War Veterans' Committee in reporting out the GI Bill for consideration on the floor of the lower chamber after it had been passed in record time and by record vote in the Senate:

"This section (educational) was an attempted compromise between two irreconcilable principles; namely, (1) a federal-state education bureaucracy for the purpose of meting out education to veterans, or (2) a simple direct benefit to veterans, administered as such, and without any additional machinery or control whatsoever of any educational systems or institutions."

The basic underlying qualifications for a veteran to obtain education or retraining under the GI Bill are:

1. Any person who served in the active military or naval service on or after September 16, 1940 (when Selective Service went into effect) and prior to termination of the present war, and

2. Who shall have been discharged or released therefrom under conditions other than dishonorable, and

3. Whose education or training was impeded, interrupted or interfered with by reason of his entry into the service or who desires a refresher or retraining course, and

4. Who shall have served ninety days or more, or

1. Formal professional education to be resumed in approved high schools, colleges, vocational training and other specialized technical and business schools, or

2. Refresher and retraining courses, either full- or part-time, for a period of one year or for such lesser time as may be required for the course of instruction chosen, or

3. Vocational rehabilitation to enable disabled veterans to overcome the handicaps of their disability and regain employability, or

4. Apprentice training-on-the-job in pri-



1st Div vet D. W. Morris, permanent disability in Sicily invasion, studies photography as basis for advertising layout position, at the...



School of Modern Photography, New York City, where William D. Epstein (above), ex-GI, is another of the students under PL 16

Apprenticed to Advance Pressure Castings, Inc., Brooklyn, C. J. Levitt, ex-soilor, is leorning trade as journeyman tool and die maker

5. Shall have been discharged or released from active service (if less than 90 days) by reason of an actual service-connected injury or disability.

The act goes on to stipulate that no course shall be initiated later than two years after either the date of discharge or termination of the war, whichever is later, and no education or training shall continue beyond seven years after termination of the war.

In order to do this the Government guarantees to pay the tuition up to a maximum of \$500 for an ordinary school year, buy necessary books and pay laboratory and other fees. In addition the student receives a monthly subsistence of \$50, with an additional \$25 for dependents.

Here is the important feature of the GI Bill, which the Veterans Administration is constantly stressing:

Every veteran who is eligible under the minimum rules is entitled to *at least one*

year of training or education or to a refresher course. There are absolutely no restrictions on this one over-all provision in the Bill.

But whether he can continue at government expense after the initial year has been consumed is the biggest IF in the whole bill. And that is the matter of the age at which he entered upon actual service.

If he HAD NOT reached his twenty-fifth birthday when he entered service it is officially presumed that his education or training had been interrupted and, therefore, he is entitled to resume full-scale operations upon being mustered out.

But if the soldier or bluejacket or marine had actually chalked up this twenty-fifth birthday, then it is a different matter. He must prove to the satisfaction of the Veterans Administration that his education was interrupted, before he can continue beyond the initial one year.

The extent of proof required on this point has not been defined as yet because the actual problem has not come up, but those close to General Hines say that it is evident the problem will be handled in an understanding and sympathetic manner and

all doubts will be resolved in favor of the veteran's continuing.

If he is eligible to continue, the veteran will receive additional training or education for a period equal to the time he was on active duty, but not for a period in excess of four years in all.

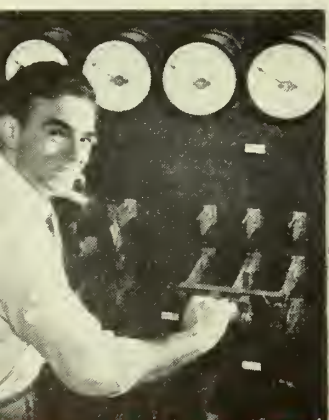
There are no limitations on the where, when or why a veteran may study or train. He is entitled to take any course he desires at any approved institution (and this blankets virtually the entire field of education and training in the United States) whether it is in his native State or not.

But, and this is stressed by the Veterans Administration, he must exert his best efforts or the whole thing can be called off for any man or woman whose progress is deemed unsatisfactory by the standards of the institution in which he is enrolled.

On the question of subsistence, which is the backbone of the whole program of

(Continued on page 50)

E. Resnick, ex-Air Corps groundman, tests a Diesel engine in NYU Internal Combustion Laboratory



B. Berger, Combat Engr., at control panel for DC motor generator, resumes interrupted civilian studies at NYU School of Engineering



Robt. Coonrod (l.) and Pat Connolly, engineering students, test motor generator set. Coonrod was Adjt., Crestwood (NY) Legion Post



Operating oscilloscope is ex-PFC Jos. Adiletta, Elec. Engr. GI student at NYU. Injured in line of duty



From Best Dressed
Fighting Man to
*Best Dressed
Civilian*

● You're back...in the finest country in the world! About to lay aside the finest uniform in the world*. Finest because of the things it stands for, and because it's made of the best materials available.

You've been used to the best. You deserve the best. Why go back to less than the best?

When you get into civvies, get into the clothes that do the most for you.

Clothes that fit right, feel right, look right... and keep their good looks all their long lives.

Clothes with a label you know and trust.

Clothes that give you confidence in yourself...and give others confidence in you! Clothes tailored by...

*According to official figures approximately 100,000 members of the armed forces are now receiving their discharge papers each month.



**Hart
Schaffner
& Marx**

The Trumpeter label...



a small thing to look for... a big thing to find



Good Taste- **AMERICAN STYLE**

WHEN a man's hungry, he wants something to stick to his ribs. And he gets it in a savory beef stew like this one...especially when he's just enjoyed a superb Seagram's 5 Crown highball!

Such good food and drink naturally go together...for each is the result of quality ingredients skillfully combined. To give you the glorious, light flavor of Seagram's 5 Crown, only selected whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits—both distilled to match

each other's perfection—are blended by craftsmen with Seagram's 88 years' experience behind them. Every bottle measures up to the high Seagram standard...true pre-war quality!

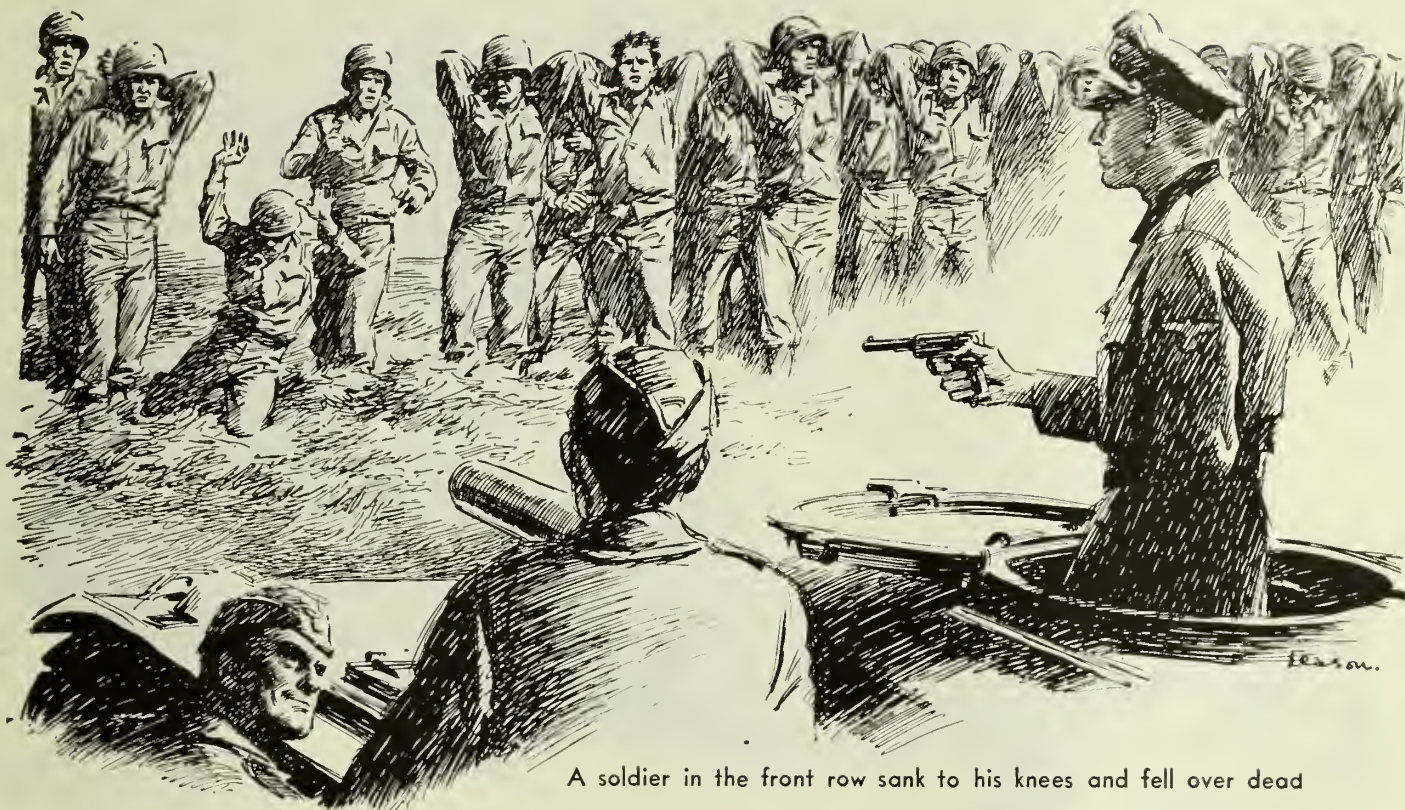
Today, as always, good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE
TOUGHNESS OUT...BLENDS
EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality





A soldier in the front row sank to his knees and fell over dead

Pen drawing by Percy Leason

German Atrocity

BY GEORGE KENT

Maybe these well-authenticated cases of heinies shooting captured Americans will convince our Doubting Thomases that the Hun philosophy of frightfulness is still Made in Germany. But don't count on it

THE Geneva Convention, signed in 1906 by 35 nations, including Germany, England and the United States, is an agreement which governs the treatment of prisoners of war. While the Americans and the British have conformed strictly to all its provisions, the Germans have violated them both in spirit and in letter. The Convention requires, for example, that prisoners be fed as well as soldiers and officers of equal rank in the captor army. But while German prisoners in the United States and England have had the same food as our troops, the Germans fed captured Americans and Britons so badly that we were obliged to protest through the International Red Cross. In reply we were told to feed them ourselves. So, rather than see our men sicken and die of malnutrition, the American and British Red Cross established a system of sending

weekly food packages for Allied prisoners, a complex and costly operation.

At the same time, German prisoners in the United States and England were rating on a par with American GIs—chicken and ice cream on Sundays, turkey on holidays. Underfed French and Belgians, not to mention the British, have been incensed watching captured soldiers of the Reich peeling oranges—today the ultimate in European luxury—smoking Yank cigarettes, getting plenty of coal.

NOW the Germans have begun to violate the Convention in more violent and bloody ways. Even before Von Rundstedt's drive into Belgium they had done it; the record is documented in statements sworn to by American, British and Canadian troops and by the killers themselves. But during the Battle of the Bulge they sank to new depths.

Here is a story told by the survivors of a massacre in which some 150 American soldiers who had surrendered were slain in a manner less humane than we reserve for cattle.

IT WAS an ordinary convoy of U. S. Army vehicles jangling over a road in
(Continued on page 29)



Wirephoto, Press Association

Americans foully murdered by unspeakable Huns

The Perpetual Peacers are again sure we won't have any more wars after this one, so why spend money on the anti-venom of military preparedness?



Make the Training Military

By Rupert Hughes

WHY should this nation, at enormous expense, compel every boy and girl to learn Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic, and no end of other things, and never give the young an inkling of self-defense or the defense of the nation itself?

Of course, the Perpetual Peacers say there ain't gonna be no mo' waw, and military education will be a waste of time. But so the believers in mental telepathy say that mind can communicate with mind, and you might say it's a waste of time to teach reading and writing when thought transference is so much easier and cheaper.

In the early days, the pioneer days, when the woods were full of wild animals and wilder savages, when shooting was necessary to obtain food and freedom and safety, the majority of the boys and many of the girls,

learned to mold bullets, to take care of the weapon, and fire it, and to take care of themselves in the wilderness.

But the cities grew, the wild animals were exterminated, the wild savages were put on reservations, and food was a thing bought in shops or raised on the farm or the half-acre in town. So our people, young and old, forgot how to shoot.

In the old days the militia was every grown-up male. The law required every citizen to have a weapon and ammunition and to appear once in so often on training day for drill. For the private soldier there was little to learn except how to pour powder, wield a ramrod and pull a trigger. Men marched in close ranks and fired only at such short range that if you didn't hit the man you aimed at you probably nicked his next-door neighbor.

Cartoon by JOHN CASSEL

The important thing was discipline and of that there was so little that most of our untrained militia broke and ran unless the enemy ran first. In our Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812 the behavior of our militia troops was so appalling that our historians just had to lie about it.

The two great oceans in a measure insulated us against serious danger from abroad by giving us time for some preparation and making difficult the transport of hostile troops and supplies. But that insulation no longer protects us. Girls fly planes across the ocean, and we are promised that in the next war, if not before, robot bombs will not find the gap too big.

The next war is already visibly preparing itself and it promises to dwarf this war, as this war dwarfed World War I and as World War I dwarfed all previous wars. And yet there are those who will tell you that if people will only be sweet and reasonable there will be no more wars. So, if we could only persuade rattlesnakes not to bite, we could save a lot of expense in anti-venom. If we could only persuade microbes not to bite, think what we could save in lost man-hours, in doctors' fees and in undertakers' bills! People never prophesy such

(Continued on page 29)

Raw Courage Stopped It!



BY

JAMES CASSIDY

With U. S. Forces on the German Border.
 "I used to think Chicago had the biggest slaughterhouse in the world." The soldier carefully and painfully placed the cigarette between parched, swollen lips and took a drag. "Now I know better—St. Vith has got them beat."

We were talking in what used to be a rear area hospital, but it wasn't any more. Over the squishing of tires and whining of trucks in second gear in the mud outside, we could hear the slamming of 155's—our own, thank God!—on the other side of the pine-covered hill in back of the hospital. By now the medics had evacuated most of the wounded, though by this time, December 19th, it had begun to look as if the German smash to the north toward Liege had been bottled up.

It had taken some of the fastest juggling of armor in modern military history to do the job. They couldn't have done it if the infantry and the service troops—the cooks, bakers and truck drivers—had not put up an epic and bloody defense in those first hours of the German Ardennes counter-offensive, the surprising, staggering blow which came hurtling out of the forest into Luxembourg and Belgium across the German border to change the face of the war in Europe.

The soldier's right arm was broken. His face and head had been scuffed up pretty badly too, especially around the mouth, which was swollen. Nevertheless he wanted to talk.

"I swear to God I thought they never

The soldier knew someone had blundered when the German blitz of last December rolled into Belgium and Luxembourg, but he refused to quit. Mr. Cassidy, WLW and National Broadcasting correspondent, recounts some instances of high valor

would stop coming. We threw everything we had at them and still they kept coming like they were coked up before they ever started. I swear, mister, I don't know how we kept them out of that St. Vith as long as we did. We used mortars and bazookas and artillery against them and they threw so damned much at us I didn't even think the cellar of this building was safe—I wondered if I ought to dig a slit trench in the floor.

"Some of the boys up the line didn't

even have bazookas to use on the Tiger tanks. They'd get on a second story with a can of gas and toss it down when the tanks went by. They knocked off a few that way. Only you can't fight tanks with gas cans very long. We finally had to get out—some of us. It was hell on earth."

I asked him about his own injuries.

He grinned sheepishly, if that's possible with a mouth like a Ubangi.

"I never even come near getting hit my-
 (Continued on page 38)



A live, cautious American advances toward a dead German

Before the Aid Man Came

BY HAMILTON GREENE



THE sun had that pale weak look it so often has during the hazy days of late November. It hung low in the sky even though it could not have been much past noon. I lay with my back against the hard ground of the railroad bank and looked up at it.

"Well, I certainly picked a nice day for it," I murmured to myself, but the thought was bleak. The Germans were still slamming bullets down the track, and the tracers, stabbing streaks of flame that were garish in the faded light of afternoon, hummed past me overhead. I hardly noticed them. By now, nothing mattered. I said a short Anglo-Saxon word and propped my head up slightly with the heel of my hand. Then I settled back to watch myself bleed to death.*

It hadn't been so bad at first, I realized, but now that the shock was wearing off, it was beginning to get bad. I tried to guess at how long I was likely to last, but it was useless to guess without knowing how bad the bleeding was. I looked down at my left hand which gripped the messy clothing around my middle, and could see that there wasn't much leaking through my fingers, but I didn't kid myself. The bad bleeding was internal and I could feel it running down my insides in a steady trickle. Not fast, but steady.

"Small arms!" I said to myself in mild disgust. "A damned rifle bullet!" I'd often figured on the possibility of the 88's knocking me over, but I'd never had much respect for the efficacy of small-arms fire. I'd ducked plenty of bullets in times past, but that was always when there was some sort of cover handy to get behind or into. I suppose I should have realized that sooner or

"I propped my head up. Then I settled back to watch myself bleed to death"

later I would get caught out in an exposed spot where there was no cover. A wave of nausea gripped me and I thought wearily, "It's too late to argue with yourself now. Quit thinking about it!" But you can't stop thinking as long as breath remains. My mind kept reminding me that it had been stupid to just lie there and wait for the Jerries to line up on me. I should have kept moving. Any damn fool knows that. As it was, they had been able to drill me with casual ease, the way a kid pops at a tin can on a rock!

And so the incredible had at last caught up with me. I was hit and hit bad, and just about as good as dead. I knew nobody could come and get me in daylight while those bullets kept popping out of that pillbox, and by the time it got dark I was sure to be a dead pigeon. There was nothing for it now but to lie here and wait—nothing to do except shut the mind to surging pain—nothing to watch but life bubbling away in a red trickle while the cold numbing paralysis of death crept in to take its place.

I took a fresh grip on my middle and looked again at the sun. I tried to figure

"The Town" our artist-correspondent mentions was Geilenkirchen, and the date of his wounding was November 19th, as we told you in our January issue. Mr. Greene was hit in the stomach and lungs, and after several weeks' hospitalization was due back in this country in late January

when the day would end, then I tried to remember when the day had begun. It seemed years ago, and it was with difficulty that my mind slowly centered on that bleak, black, drizzly morning way back in the mists of time when I had rolled out of my blankets in the cellar of a blasted farmhouse, eager to watch my friend, Captain Keefer, conduct a frontal assault on The Town. It was a morning of cold and wet and ankle-deep mud that had sent a biting chill through my boots—a morning of hasty, tasteless chow—a morning of grimy, scrubby-bearded Joes, who cursed and bitched in nervous anticipation. Now you must realize that a man who is convinced that he's dying does not think in a normal way, consequently my mind was not reviewing the incidents of that awful day in a clear, concise pattern. My thoughts had a dull quality—in fact, they were nothing more than dim fragments of thought that struggled for recognition through a numb haze of pain and despair.

The Town, which had been our first objective for the day, was a large, sprawling, mining community that lay some 30 miles inside the German frontier. It was typical of the towns that studded this district, for the borderland of Western Germany is coal and iron country. Unlike most of America's mining districts, this part of Germany is quite flat. Superficially it seems like miles and miles of broad unbroken fields yielding sugar beets, turnips, or scrubby grass. But at irregular intervals throughout this otherwise featureless countryside, huge conical slag piles, several hundred feet high and topped with the characteristic iron frame-

* See Our Man Ham Greene, February A.L.M., p. 19.

work of a conveyor, mark the location of a steel mill or a coal mine.

The Ninth Army, now in its fourth day of the big offensive, was driving through this country town by town. Most of the Siegfried Line pillboxes had been breached for as much as two months back, consequently the only tactical problem was one of moving the troops broadside through the fields to occupy each town in turn. The First, Third and Seventh Armies were similarly engaged to the south of us, while elements of the British engaged the enemy to the north of us. Therefore, all of us felt that from the channel to Switzerland, this, at last, was it.

The Town with which our company was preoccupied that morning was a somewhat larger town than most, situated on a railroad line somewhere northeast of Aachen. During the day before, a detachment of tanks had moved into a position just north of The Town, and simultaneously a regiment of troops had battled their way into positions just south of it. With the objective thus flanked both right and left, our job was to barrel straight into The Town from the west and take it.

That was the job that lay before us as we dispersed ourselves in the orchard waiting for the artillery barrage to lift and the signal to take off.

I could remember some of the color, the leafless branches of the orchard—our jumping-off place—silhouetted against the lurid sky, the flaming tracers, the garish green of flares shot over our lines by a nervous enemy. I also could remember words—the almost soundless cussing of the recumbent GIs, some of whom were pretty jittery

from the crash of artillery even though it was our own. There were fragmentary snatches of conversation—advice—abuse—coarse humor. And then there was that squad leader. He was a tough cookie who had led an assault squad in Africa, Sicily and Italy. You could tell from the way he spoke that he didn't give a damn what sort of trouble we would run into. His terse, corner-of-the-mouth monosyllables reflected the viewpoint of the professional soldier. There was a way to deal with every move the krauts could think up, and if trouble developed you just applied the right one. That was what you were trained to do, and what you were there to do.

The bizarre inferno had reached its height when I became conscious of men moving toward the road. I had known without being told that the hour was at hand. And then the barrage had suddenly slackened off and we'd got the word to go.

The lead squad had left the orchard and hit the main road, covering the first hundred yards in a trot—straight down the black top. Then we'd swerved off into the beet field to the left. It had stopped drizzling by now and a smoky gray dawn was creeping into the eastern sky. We must have been clearly visible to the enemy from their observation posts.

Straight across the beet field, we'd kept a fairly rapid pace until we'd reached the railroad tracks on the far side. Here was the stretch that one lieutenant had worried about. But, as it turned out, he needn't have worried. We'd crossed over the tracks in single file, dispersed well apart, glancing

Illustrated by the Author

nervously up the exposed sweep of roadbed, but the expected burst of fire didn't materialize. Beyond the tracks had been that broad, shell-torn pasture and we'd plunged into it, sprawling flat among the dead, swelling cows while the platoon leader took stock of our position. The Town by now was directly before us, a forest of rubble reflecting the gray dawn.

To our left another assault platoon had been approaching The Town along a little ridge of high ground that encircled The Town toward the south. A sudden outburst of explosion had drawn my eyes to the top of this ridge. Outlined clearly against the pale morning sky, the body of a rifleman was arching crazily, blown twenty feet in the air by an exploding mine. A second later he crashed to the ground with both legs gone. An aid man was at his side in less than a minute, kneeling down, unslinging his case. Then we'd heard the crack of a rifle and the aid man had slumped over on top of the man without the legs. A German sniper's bullet had entered the aid man's helmet dead center of his Red Cross insignia.

IT WAS some time since I'd been hit, but an occasional burst of fire still came down the railroad track, and when the bullets hit among the metal ties they would go tearing off into space with a weird scream. Those Germans, now. Who did they think they were firing at? Our men had pulled out long ago. There wasn't a man of us in sight. That is, except me. I was still there.

I supposed, dully, that in the end the Germans would counter-attack and pick me up. I didn't like that idea much. With some

(Continued on page 43)



They had strung out and swept the town clean, house by house

The Scheiberlings



Edward N. Scheiberling, National Commander, The American Legion. At left, the National Commander with his son, Edward N., Jr. Mrs. Scheiberling, at lower left



ELECTED National Commander of the Legion in Chicago last September, Ed Scheiberling brought to that office the experience of long years of service to the organization, as well as in his chosen profession of law. Albany, New York, where he was born on December 2, 1888, has always been the Commander's home city. With an LLB degree from Union University, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1912, Ed began the practice of law, then served as legal examiner of the State Comptroller's office until he entered the Plattsburg Officers' Training Camp, from which he emerged a second lieutenant, infantry. With the 78th Division in the A. E. F., he advanced to a captaincy. Organizer and first Commander of Capital City Post in 1920, he served as Department Commander in 1935-36, and successfully filled many difficult assignments locally, in the Department and on National Committees, as well as continuing in many civic and state activities. He has been a leader in the Elks, Eagles, Knights of Columbus, Order of the Alhambra and the 312th Infantry and 78th Division Associations. In 1939, Miss Ethel Fitzpatrick became Mrs. Edward N. Scheiberling, and they have a son who is named for his father.



The Gilberts

Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, National President, American Legion Auxiliary. Below, her children: Helen, Jr., Charles B., III, and Schuyler Lee. In circle, Legionnaire Charles B. Gilbert



MRS. CHARLES B. GILBERT of Norwich, Connecticut was well prepared, through service in her Department and on national Committees, for the responsibilities of the office when the American Legion Auxiliary named her its National President at the convention in Chicago last September. Born Helen Lee in Philadelphia, through her father she claims kinship with General Robert E. Lee. Two of her brothers saw service in the air arm in the First World War, and one of them, Schuyler, lost his life while attached to the Lafayette Escadrille. The other, Meredith, is back in service as a lieutenant colonel and is currently in the Southwest Pacific. Mrs. Gilbert's husband was an ensign in the submarine service in the earlier war, and they have two sons in the Navy now: Charles Gilbert, III, aviation machinist's mate 1c, who is in the South Pacific, and Schuyler Lee, who enlisted at 18. Their daughter, Helen, Jr., is studying at Bryn Mawr College, her mother's alma mater. Mrs. Gilbert is a member of the State Board of Education of Connecticut, and in addition to her Auxiliary work has been active in civic and club affairs.

DOG TAG DOINGS

News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe

WELL admit that it isn't quite like having a four or five star general hang the Congressional Medal of Honor around your neck or pin the DSC or DFC or Navy Cross on your uniform, but for the hundreds of thousands who comprise the rank and file of our armed forces there is an equal

thrill when that first rating is handed out.

And thereby hangs a yarn—or at least a yard of thread which has introduced thousands of buck privates or apprentice seamen to the gentle art of sewing. Think a guy is going to wait until the camp or outfit tailor can find time to sew on those precious chevrons? Not on your life! The

old trusty “housewife”—and that sewing kit is a nifty, compact leather case today as compared to the roll of cloth tied together with tape, of the earlier war—is broken out (it's GI), and clumsy fingers learn, painfully sometimes, the rudiments of needlework.

Of course, when a couple of the distaff side of our editorial staff saw that picture of a newly-appointed PFC laboriously sewing on those much-prized chevrons, they had to comment upon the yard of thread with which the guy was anchoring his one stripe. We are told by S/Sgt. Thomas F. Hefferin of the Air Forces on a field down in Georgia that the PFC pictured is Irving Diamond of the photo section of his Squadron. The Sarge captioned his picture “Jack of All Trades” and commented: “This photo shows the sewing on of That First Stripe, which some fellows seem to think is the hardest one to get. We had some promotions the first of the month and I took the opportunity of snapping this picture.”

“The GI ‘housewives’ of today even include thimbles, but that doesn't prevent the men from jabbing themselves during their sewing sessions, as they are rather awkward in handling this extra equipment.”

FROM Sergeant George E. Toles of Camp Lee, Virginia, a loyal contributor to Dog Tag Doings, we received this tale several months ago:

“Private Nate Lakovitz here in Camp Lee was a very surprised GI one recent Saturday night. He had been told that he would have a detail but ended up by having a birthday party at the USO with a beautiful girl for a date.

“It all started when a letter arrived at the USO in nearby Petersburg, Virginia. When Director Ira Gelber opened the envelope, a check for five bucks dropped out with a note that read: ‘Private Lakovitz was one of our employes before his induction into the Army and we would like to have the USO surprise him with something on his birthday.’ It was signed, ‘Comet Model Airplane and Supply Company, Chicago, Illinois.’

“Gelber contacted several organizations in camp before he located Lakovitz's company at the QM School. Letting the Top Kick in on the surprise, he asked that Lakovitz be given some kind of a detail for the



Wonder if that step-up from a four to a five-star general is more thrilling than this? Even hardboiled soldiers go sissy and sew on that first hard-won stripe

following Saturday night. 'Could he,' asked Gelber, 'be ordered to come into town with three of his buddies and police up in front of the Tabb Street USO? Say that match stems and cigarette butts are defacing the area.'

"So the first sergeant told Lakovitz that he would have a detail Saturday night and the private wondered what he had done that he should be gigged on his only night off. Plans, in the meantime, were being made for a huge birthday cake with refreshments and four beautiful girls as dates for the four buddies burdened with the detail. Gelber invited Lakovitz's C. O. and his wife, and the first sergeant and his wife to join in the fun.

"Saturday night rolled 'round and Lakovitz and his three pals were escorted into town to make sure they didn't fail on the detail. As he reported to Gelber to do the work on hand, his eyes opened wide with amazement as young hostesses with khaki-clad soldiers surrounded him. Lakovitz was shown to the seat of honor at the table with his birthday cake in the center, candles brightly burning.

"With a lump in his throat a very happy GI looked around him and decided his 'detail' was the keenest one he had ever heard of."

A TALE of real heroism, coupled with phenomenal good fortune, accompanied the hospital picture which you will



find in these pages. It was told by Jesse Lurie of the National Jewish Welfare Board, 145 East 32d Street, New York City:

"A Brooklyn, New York, sergeant who held an exploding Jap hand grenade in his hand in order to save three of his comrades in a foxhole on Saipan, miraculously survived. He is S/Sgt. Max Yesselman of 272 New Jersey Avenue, Brooklyn, shown in the enclosed Official U. S. Signal Corps photograph as his hand is being dressed by 2d Lieutenant Beulah Bennett, Army Nurse Corps, of Vandalia, Illinois, at Rhoads General Hospital, Utica, New York.

"Sergeant Yesselman said he had been placed in a defensive perimeter on the night he was wounded, with his squad to prevent infiltration of the wily Japanese who frequently attempt to steal through the American lines, kill a few men and retreat.

"I heard a plunk in our foxhole and ordered the three men with me to run for it," said Sergeant Yesselman. "I knew it was



In Rhoads General Hospital, Utica, New York, S/Sgt. Max Yesselman is tended by 2d Lt. Beulah Bennett, ANC. The sergeant tossed back a Jap grenade on Saipan and saved three buddies' lives

a Jap hand grenade because I'd heard plenty of them before. I groped around in the hole until I found the grenade. It was five A. M. and completely dark. I picked up the grenade to throw it away, knowing it would go off any second. I'd got it out at arm's length and was ready to throw it when it exploded. None of the men with me was hit."

"When it was suggested to the sergeant that this had been a heroic feat, he said, 'I didn't think of it that way.' He said the army medical men bandaged his wounds as soon as daylight came and he was sent to the rear.

"One of the most touching scenes ever witnessed in Rhoads General Hospital occurred when Sergeant Yesselman's mother and sister came from Brooklyn to visit him. The elderly Jewish woman who had not seen her son in three years, gathered him in her arms and smothered him with kisses. The sergeant, choked with emotion, was unable to speak.

"Sergeant Yesselman was a squad leader in a former New York National Guard Company of the 27th Division. He is 32 years old and was a parquet floor layer before entering service."

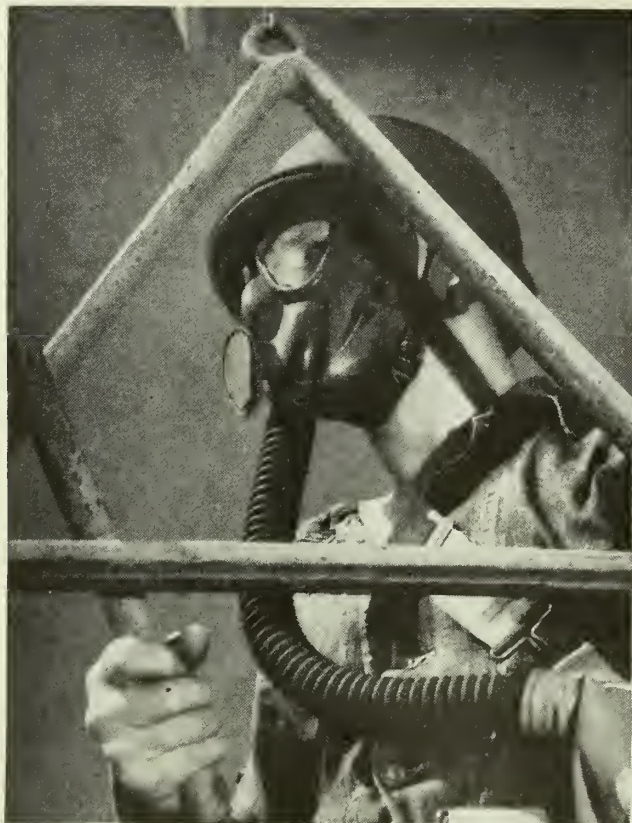
NOW that additional tens of thousands of young Americans in uniform are becoming acquainted with a now historic means of transportation that their fathers knew in France twenty-seven years ago, perhaps this story of our present fighters' first introduction to this famed conveyance during the North African campaign will be

of interest. With thanks to the *Air Force* magazine, we lift this item from its issue of August 1944:

"Recently an *Air Force* correspondent suggested this war might produce some symbol to replace the 40 and 8 boxcars which hauled doughboys across France in the other conflict. Quicker than you could say Jack (NMI) Robinson, a fighter pilot in North Africa pounced on the idea like a duck on a June bug. His dissenting opinion:

"It is still the 40 and 8," wrote Lieutenant Shuford M. Alexander. "I am only one of many pilots who have ridden it across North Africa—a little over 1,000 miles to





Not a man from Mars, but an American soldier properly equipped to withstand any poison gas attack our enemies might introduce. He's ready to give the gas alarm signal on the triangle

be exact. We spent five days and five nights in one—and to live up to its name the Army had just hauled eight horses in it. The smell wasn't so bad, once you got used to it, and in three days we outsmelled the car!

"The only difference between these box-cars and the ones in the last war is that they are twenty-five years older. For my money, the 40 and 8 is even a better memory of this war than the earlier one. I don't think the hundreds of men who have ridden in one will let you get away with a substitute. There is none. No matter where you look—there is none."

TO destroy the enemy is, necessarily, the basic purpose of all fighters engaged in war, and some damnable methods have been developed since the earlier World War. Except for isolated reports from the Chinese-Japanese fighting in China, however, thus far poison gases have not been used. America and others of the United Nations are prepared, nevertheless, should one of our enemies introduce that means of destruction.

"Boogeyman in Khaki" is the apt title placed on the picture sent to us by our good friend, S/Sgt. Thomas F. Hefferin of Lawson Field, and this is his story behind the picture:

"The enclosed photograph is not a Hal-love'en goblin or a creature from out of this

world, but a picture of an American soldier, the best-equipped in the world, ready for the worst in warfare—a deadly gas attack.

"It has been proven by U. S. Army Chemical Warfare Intelligence officers that the Japanese Army in Occupied China has been using poisonous Lewisite and Mustard gas in their attacks on defenseless and maskless Chinese. To prepare for any introduction of such attacks in our theaters of operations, the War Department through the medium of movies, actual gas chamber tests and lectures, have convinced the American soldier that next to his rifle, the gas mask is his best friend.

"The gas sentry in the photograph is shown ringing the triangle gas alarm. In less than eleven seconds after the alarm, all participants in a test gas attack will be wearing their masks, fully protecting their lungs and faces from any known

gas that may be used by the enemy today."

HERE are a few shorties which PFC William G. Sears of the Air Force evidently carried along in his duffle bag when transferred from a southern field to Baer Field at Fort Wayne, Indiana. All right, Bill, you tell 'em:

"One of the pilots stationed on my former field took off on a routine training flight in his P-39.

"After being aloft for twenty minutes or so, engine trouble developed. Flames and thick, oily smoke billowed from the blazing plane engine. There wasn't much he could do, so naturally he bailed out, parachuting safely to the earth. The plane crashed in the nearby hills.

"Upon routine examination by safety officers to determine the cause of this accident, a book was discovered, flung clear

of the wreck and in perfect condition. One of the officers walked over and picked up the book. Call it coincidence or sheer irony, but the title of the book turned out to be 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'"

AND guard-duty stories are always good—as this one from Bill Sears: "For the first time in eighteen months, corporals were assigned to pull four-hour guard tricks. Corporal James Prendergast spent all day trying to memorize his General Orders, so when the O.D. came around, he'd be on the ball.

"The O. D. happened to be a Medical Officer, and having been put wise by some of Corporal Prendergast's 'buddies,' proceeded not only to have the corporal recite word for word his General Orders, but also asked the sweating corporal what he would do in a combat area if the right arm was broken above the elbow, and what the preventative for malaria is.

"Needless to mention, Corporal Prendergast is now studying every manual available on topics that would stump even Einstein. He believes in being prepared for his next pull on the guard shift."

JUST a reminder that this department, dedicated to the men and women now in uniform, pays for the material it uses. How about sending in some unofficial snapshots, with supporting stories, brief anecdotes and similar contributions for consideration?

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



GERMAN ATROCITY

(Continued from page 19)

eastern Belgium near Malmedy: trucks and jeeps filled with artillery GIs and a dozen or so medics with Red Cross arm bands. There was also an ambulance, empty except for the driver and three medical officers. The men sprawled in the trucks, smoking and talking.

As the convoy rolled to a crossroads there was a flat report and a shell tore through a jeep, filling the air with fragments of steel and human flesh. Another shell demolished the front wheel of the lead truck, which spun crazily and slumped across the highway. A column of German tanks emerged from behind a row of trees.

The GIs armed only with carbines, scrambled out of the trucks and jumped with a splash into the ditch, hip deep in water. Others ran behind a farmhouse. They fired sporadically—pathetic volleys which pattered harmlessly on the steel tanks. An SS on one of the tanks blasted the ambulance. Another shell plowed a brown furrow across the road and through the ditch. A man howled in pain.

The officers, crouching in the ditch, whispered to each other, then passed the word down the line. The tanks were moving up to pointblank machine-gun range. The situation was hopeless. A lieutenant held up both his hands in token of surrender. The men threw out their guns and climbed up to the highway; those behind the farmhouse came forward, their hands locked behind their necks.

The tank hatches opened and men with SS (Elite Guard) insignia leaped down and herded the Americans into line. They pulled rings from fingers and searched

pockets for money—in violation of the Geneva Convention, then the German commanding officers ordered the prisoners into a field across the road. Three tanks rocked into the field and lined up facing the group.

High in the first tank a slim German officer of about 25, whose wide-open eyes gave an impression of innocence, suddenly raised his Luger and shot three times. A soldier in the front row sank to his knees and fell over dead. The group broke a little and one of their officers spoke sharply: "Don't budge—don't do anything!" If the men attempted to run away, the Germans would have a legitimate excuse for shooting.

They were the officer's last words. A smiling man in the lead tank moved a machine gun from left to right, and the entire group of prisoners fell in a heap, the wounded sprawled over and under the dead. In the foreground were two still figures; one a medic, the other a companion whose wound he was bandaging.

Men writhed and groaned in pain. Some prayed aloud as another machine gun sprayed the pile of bodies, and another. Then the tanks began moving out of the field. On each one, like figures on a carnival float, stood German officers and men, practicing their marksmanship on what remained of the 150-odd American soldiers.

In a hospital in the Belgian city of Liege I spoke with six survivors of the massacre, and this story has been pieced together from the things they told me. "As the tanks moved away," one boy said, "the Germans took shots at us, like shooting at tin cans on a wall. Some of them were laughing. I was cold and wet, but I kept my face in the mud making out I was dead. My

buddy was killed and lying over my arm."

"Everybody around me was groaning and twisting," he went on, "and they were hollering, 'Please help me.' Some were calling out 'Medic! Medic!' Lots of us were praying. Then the tanks went away and four men, talking in German, came up with pistols in their hands and whenever a man groaned or moved they shot him. An officer gave orders pointing out those of us who were left alive."

"They walked on me," said a thin boy from Indiana. "They sure thought I was dead because they lifted up my arm and took off my wrist watch. It was a Christmas present from my mother."

"After a while," the first boy went on, "I raised my head a little and looked to the right and left and didn't see anybody. So I got up and began to run." As he talked, his head jerked and his face twitched. "The Germans opened fire with machine guns. They missed me and I kept on running down the road until I came to a house. There were good Belgian people in that house; they gave me something to drink, and told me I was only two miles from Malmedy. So I started out again and finally I got there."

The others who managed to escape waited until it was dark. Most of them, though wounded, had to walk several miles before they reached shelter.

The stories of the men I spoke with, and about fourteen other survivors, have been taken down and sworn to. No discrepancies have been found in the narratives except in the estimates of the number of men present—they vary from 120 to 170.

When our troops fought their way back they found groups of GIs laid out in neat rows, each man stripped of his uniform, each man with a bullet hole in his head.

MAKE THE TRAINING MILITARY

(Continued from page 20)

things. But every war is advertised as the final war.

After every one of our wars the apostles of sweetness and light have taken over and reviled the believers in preparedness as hirelings of munitions makers or lusters after blood.

THERE is a curious legendary feeling that every American boy is born with a rifle in his hands and is a sharpshooter in his cradle. This was not true even in Revolutionary Days; and long before World War I there had come an almost complete stoppage in the sport of game hunting, and the American who could shoot straight was a rare rarity.

In World War I confusion and emergency caused at least 25,000 young men to be sent to the fighting front without ever having so much as practiced "dry firing." It was

appallingly true that in the very midst of battle soldiers would run up to officers and say, "Sir, how in hell do you pull this damned trigger—or work this damned dingus?" the dingus being a bolt handle of his rifle.

During and immediately after World War I it was resolved that such things should never occur again. But before many years the old indifference and hostility to all things military prevailed. The pacifists are always elected to rule the country between wars.

So the solemn decrees of the National Defense Act were soon forgotten and we were in a pitiful state when Hitler started to conquer the world and damn near did it. Look at what he's left of it!

When we began the lend-lease program we practically declared war on Germany and Italy. At that time Germany with somewhat more than half our population

had in the field a highly trained, equipped, and overwhelmingly victorious army of about nine million men, also a marvelously efficient munitions factory system to which



"Who's that helpin' Joe?"

were added millions of captive slave laborers.

As for our small Regular Army, in 1939 General Marshal, the Chief of Staff, had declared it to be "probably less than 25 percent ready for immediate action." Our capacity for the manufacture of powder was 2½ percent of what it had been in World War I. We had practically no munitions plants at all.

We had sense enough to vote conscription a year before we entered World War II, but the bill was passed only after most ferocious opposition.

It is safe now to tell something that I have never seen published, though it was much whispered at the time. In some of the Regular Army regiments made up of draftees there was so much resentment against the service, so little soldierly spirit, such insolent resistance to the first laws of discipline, that the officers were in a desperate mood. They could not shoot or even flog the impudent cubs. And they were actually afraid of an outbreak of open mutiny, or at least a sit-down strike.

At that anxious time a high officer in our State Guard visited one of the training camps of the new Army and was asked by a desperate Regular:

"If things don't get better, could we call for a state guard regiment to move in and help us enforce discipline?"

That conversation actually took place. Its publication would have been a major scandal; but the State Guard would not have flinched from the task or failed in it, because the Guard was made up at first almost entirely of American Legionnaires, who had learned discipline, could still shoot, and who would have taken pleasure in giving the works to the unpatriotic slackers.

The Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor put an end to the crisis and the resistance. Even the pink or red Communistic youth began to breathe fire and put on a patriotic act, since it would be helping Uncle Joe.

The Germans' break through in the West last December was a costly setback to our effort. We suddenly realized that one an-



"Just as a matter of form, old man, could I see your diploma?"

swer to the problem was a lack of veteran troops. Aside from a part of our Regular Army we have no soldiers of more than two or three years' experience.

So once more the cry arises at this time, as it has always risen in the critical hours of actual fighting: "Never again must we be caught without a trained army, and a big one." When Uncle Sam, like other drunkards, says "Never again!" you can be sure that he will soon say it again.

A move is now on foot to pass laws requiring one year of compulsory military training from every young man in the country. The American Legion is throwing its weight back of the measure, but against it is already being exerted that ghostly pressure of the pacifists, the postponers, the qualifiers.

The arguments of the pacifists and the Perpetual Peacemongers need not be aired or answered, except for one—that in military training what you learn soon becomes obsolete. That's true only of the details, the weapons and other matériel. The vitally important thing is the instilling of the spirit of discipline, of military team-play, of co-ordination, of automatic obedience in the chain of command, of paperwork, property care, requisitions, scouting, patrolling, cooking, military hygiene.

Once discipline is instilled it is no more forgotten than learning to swim. The muscles grow soft and require new exercise, but one never forgets how to swim and float, how to ride a horse, how to shoot a rifle, how to come to attention, to snap into action on command.

Raw recruits cannot even keep step, or distance, or interval. It takes weeks of dull repetition before such things become part of muscle memory.

Furthermore, with war as technical as it is and will become, a year is none too long to give the raw recruits the basic training that they will never forget, the basic things that no change of weapons or motorization or aviation has ever changed or can ever change.

One serious objection to turning our youth over to the Government for a whole year is important. That is the fear that the reigning political party may endeavor to indoctrinate the impressionable young recruits with its own theories, and so build up successfully a great army of partisans for its own perpetuation.

This suspicion may well be justified. Every precaution must be taken that no such poisonous matter be included in the curriculum; that the instructors shall not be selected by virtue of their political favor-carrying and apple-polishing. The training must be restricted to purely military and naval matters and to the building of soldiers and sailors, marines and aviators who will be taught how to fight the outside enemies of the country, not to crush freedom of opinion or enterprise inside the republic.

Better to revert to the old ways and fight awkwardly and belatedly as free men than to become the automatic manikins of any totalitarian gospel.

This war will leave us a vast military and naval force of trained men. But they will be tired of war and they have earned respite from it. It is for the up-and-coming generations to learn how to save their country for themselves, how to protect the priceless inheritances bequeathed them. They will love their country all the better for the sacrifices they make in its behalf.

CORRESPONDENTS EXPENDABLE

(Continued from page 9)

Once accredited and admitted to a zone of operations, his wanderings are limited only by his inclinations and available transport, providing, of course, he knows how to set about his job in a professional and unostentatious manner.

So, newsmen at the front may share risks and dangers with the troops—bullets in the front line, shells and bombs further back.

But just in case anyone would think he had men in situations he wouldn't face himself, Hugh Baillie, president of the United Press, got himself into both the Sicilian and

Normandy campaigns. He was tearing along a road on the front near Aachen—one of those moments when enemy shelling is disrupting traffic—when his jeep smashed into a tree by the roadside in an effort to avoid a collision with a truck coming in the opposite direction. Hugh was thrown through the windshield, badly stunned. His steel helmet saved him from serious injury.

Jeep mishaps have been responsible for lots of casualties among correspondents. Wes Gallagher of the Associated Press escaped death in an air raid he accompanied over Bizerte, only to knock himself out

for six months by hitting a telegraph pole while on his way back to base.

Yes, the newsmen have plenty of adventure—death, wounds, accidents and capture by the enemy. Edward W. Beattie Jr., former London manager of United Press, was, like me, captured by the Germans. I got away. Ed, so far, has not been able to.

Talking about Wes Gallagher's raid reminds me that Bob Post of the New York Times and Lowell Bennett of *INS* both went with the Eighth Air Force over Berlin. Neither came back.

Lowell Bennett came down safely in a parachute. When last I heard of him, he was writing a book in captivity.

(Continued on page 34)

The little boy who wasn't afraid

THEY SAY a baby has only two instinctive fears—that of a loud sound and that of loss of balance. You've seen a baby "jump" at a big noise—you've felt his baby hands clutch tight from fear of falling.

Tender parents protect their baby from these fears until he can protect himself. They bring him up confident in the security that surrounds him. They let him try his wings gently, until when he is a big boy of three—he isn't afraid of ANYTHING . . . burglars, or goblins, or the deep corners of a spooky attic.

The fostering of courage and confidence is one of a good father's proudest jobs. You can help make sure your family's sense of security is never shaken, by protecting them with life insurance. Through The Prudential, you can see that your wife and children will have an

income, money for necessary expenditures, freedom from embarrassing want. Prudential insurance can be arranged to suit individual family needs, and the payment plans may be adjusted to fit individual incomes. The Prudential will be glad to give you information on how to arrange protection for your family's future. Ask for this information from your nearby Prudential representative.

*Listen to the Prudential Family Hour, with
Patrice Munsel . . . Every Sunday, 5:00 p. m.,
EWT—Columbia Broadcasting System*



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

He won't change
from shoes to
slippers...

...he's
enjoying

Massagic
COMFORT

THE CUSTOM
Model 2208
Tan or Black
Calf

When you treat your feet to the day-long comfort of Massagic Shoes, you won't have to spend your evenings in slippers. Massagic's patented, resilient air cushion and exclusive, flexible Arch Lift keep you feeling foot fresh hours longer. If you like fine shoes that are tops in smart styling — but also insist on having genuine foot-comfort — see your Massagic Shoe dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Weyenberg
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes

\$7.85 — Some Styles Higher

Of Manila and Corregidor

WHILE THIS ISSUE of the magazine was on the press the electrifying news came that General of the Army MacArthur's troops, which landed on Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, early in January, had taken Manila, capital of the Philippines and symbol of the Commonwealth's heroic fight against the Japs. When Douglas MacArthur left the Philippines in 1942 it was with the pledge which at once became historic, "I shall return." That promise has now been fulfilled in its entirety. The investment of Manila means Japan has lost the islands, though pockets of resistance will doubtless remain for a time.

Three years ago next May, the fortress island of Corregidor, which guards the entrance to Manila, fell to the Japs. On the first day of that month Colonel Theodore T. Teague, U.S.A., wrote from Corregidor to his comrades of the Legion Post in Framingham, Mass., the letter which follows. The U.S. Navy's cancellation stamp on the envelope reads May 3, 1942. Three days later the Rock was surrendered. General Wainwright and Colonel Teague with other Americans taken at that time are still prisoners of the Japanese, it is believed.

Corregidor, P. I., 5/1/42

*To the Commander and Comrades of
James J. McGrath Post No. 74, American Legion
Framingham, Mass.*

Dear Comrades:

*It may interest you all to know that there was held here a meeting of Oliver Davis Post #6, P. I.—the local Post here.
(5/1/42)*

Your, or should I say our Post was represented by me.

Best wishes

*/s/ T. T. Teague
Col., U.S.A.*

*Signal Officer
United States Forces in the Philippines
(Staff of Lieutenant General
Jonathan M. Wainwright, U.S.A.)*

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Hold 'er, Luke — 'tain't no mole . . . Oncle Rafe's playin' he's a Undergroun' Movement!"

"PLUG-CHEK" HELPS UNCOVER GAS WASTE QUICK

Gas-wasting plugs can be spotted quickly and accurately the "Plug-Chek" way. This Auto-Lite Inspection Service helps put the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to gas mileage, according to tests by the American Automobile Association.

Stop in today at your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer and have your spark plugs inspected the "Plug-Chek" way. Possibly all they need is cleaning or regapping. But if new spark plugs are needed, ask for Auto-Lites . . . the ignition engineered spark plug.



THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, 1 • Merchandising Division • OHIO

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

IN ITS 22 GREAT MANUFACTURING PLANTS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

Tune in the
AUTO-LITE
Radio Show
STARRING

Dick Haymes

HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS'
ORCHESTRA

Every Tuesday Night • NBC



CORRESPONDENTS EXPENDABLE

(Continued from page 30)

Everyone believes Post dead, except his aged father. One day, when there was talk of naming a Liberty ship for Bob, the old man would not permit it.

Bob Post was fearless. The boys were matching coins before that raid on Berlin to decide who would take the riskiest seat allotted to correspondents. When Bob heard about it, he said: "What's the sense of matching? If there's a risk, I'll take it!"

The first American correspondent to fly over Berlin was, I think, James MacDonald of the *New York Times*. He tossed with Raymond Daniell for the right to go, and won. Then Ray wanted to toss him again to protect him, but Jimmie refused to be talked out of his place. It didn't matter that ships assigned to that mission usually came back full of flak holes. He was going!

Officially recognized as an ace among correspondents is Henry T. Gorrell, at the time of writing on furlough in the States. He wears the Air Medal for a fine job done when returning from a bombing mission over Greece.

Hank saved a man, badly hit by flak, from bleeding to death. With great presence of mind he applied a tourniquet to the leg of a badly wounded airman while German warships in Navarino Bay were throwing everything at them.

That was just one officially recognized incident in his wartime adventures. He was in the retreat from Greece with the British, then right across the desert with the Eighth Army to Tunisia. In France he was all the way from Normandy to Aachen.

Well, that is the way war correspondents win Purple Hearts. They set out to get the story and the story gets them. Ned Roberts won it during the shelling of Brest by our Navy. He was watching it from the land-side and a splinter hit him!

Bob Miller, cited as a "Good Marine" after the landing with the Leathernecks at Guadalcanal, came to Europe, only to be wounded by a shell fragment just after the fall of Verdun. Bearing a charmed life, Don Whitehead of *AP* has gone through four invasions unscathed. But of his *AP* contemporaries, Larry Allen is the most blown-up correspondent in the business, Godfrey Anderson is a prisoner in Germany, and Bede Irwin, photographer, was killed by bomb bursts in the break-through at St. Lo.

I remember in the early days of the Tunisia campaign when war was new to so many camera-men and correspondents, a heated argument breaking out one night in a billet.

A public relations officer who overheard it reported that the argument was to decide just who was yellow! I have yet to meet a yellow camera-man.

If anyone has to get close-ups of war it

is the camera-men. The movies show their work every day—vivid, sensational, informative reels from the fighting fronts.

They may discuss moral hues among themselves, but for my part I have little but admiration for the men with the cameras. They are doing one of the grandest jobs of factual reporting in the war. They cannot use binoculars to get their effects.

Two of the most colorful correspondents I have met are Richard Tregaskis and George Lait of *INS*. Dick Tregaskis came to Europe from Guadalcanal and was badly wounded in Italy. In the orchards of Normandy we used to see his tall figure, up at dawn, doing setting-up exercises on the dewy grass. Despite a trepanned skull, he used to watch the war from a Piper Cub. He has gone back to the Pacific now—thought the war in Europe was too slow!

George Lait earned fame with the Eighth Army. In his progress across the desert, he became the darling of the Gurkhas, those tough little brown hillmen from Nepal.

George, his friends said, used to accompany these men out on their night-patrols.

When he left the regiment, they presented him with a special cutlass—a kukri—in token of their affection and esteem and made George their Honorary Captain.

No tale of war correspondents would be complete without reference to the phenomenon of Ernie Pyle—the "innocent abroad" and "homespun philosopher" of the business.

I sailed for Africa with Ernie and the average citizen he had been writing about for years became his GI Joe. Speaking to a widely syndicated audience, he very soon made his columns bugle calls throughout the United States.

What surprises most people about Pyle is that this little, lean, sun-dried man who

is unhappy in fog, rain or cloud, can really follow the GI the way he does.

He does not rush around to get his stories. He's just the ol' man river of the business today! He has gone to the Pacific now on assignment with the Navy or else I would bet on meeting him in Berlin.

Though older than most war correspondents—he is forty-four—he was not in the last war. And when he first saw a distant shellburst, the column he wrote about it caused a burst of laughter in the forward foxholes. "Here's a guy," I heard a GI say, "who thinks one shell worth a column. Why doesn't he come and see what's going on around here?"

Well, Ernie did. Very soon, the same GIs who laughed when Ernie wrote about his first shell burst were writing to their folks back home not to miss his column on any account. Well, everyone has to face his first shell. Few are smart enough to perpetuate their panic in prose. It takes courage to say just how scared you are.

One of my fellow veterans of the last war, Harold Denny of the *New York Times*, is the most determined front line correspondent of the gang. Harold was with the Eighth Army. He was taken prisoner in the African campaign and spent a long time first in an Italian and then in a German prison camp. Finally, his return was forced by Washington in a diplomatic exchange. The Gestapo hated to let him go.

With hair grayed and cheeks lined by his experiences, Harold, you might have thought, would have had enough of war. Not he. He pleaded to be sent back to the front. And despite efforts to rest him, he has always got back again. On Dee day he was mad because he did not get in on the first wave!

Harold likes to write only what he sees. He does not care much for second-hand stories. And he scorns any other viewpoint than the foremost.



"You'll find ex-service men have their own way of chalking up the orders they bag!"

"WORK HORSE" of WORLD WAR II

And GMC Has Sent More Than 450,000 Into The Service



Acme News photo shows a convoy of GMC trucks carrying cargoes that carried the fight to Hitler

When a high-ranking Army Officer recently referred to the GMC 2½-ton "six-by-six" military truck as the "Work horse of the War," no name was ever more appropriately applied.

It works for the Artillery pulling guns and carrying ammunition. It helps the Engineers repair roads, bridges and damaged defenses. It works for the Signal Corps carrying poles and wire and radio equipment. It helps Ordnance repair tanks and

trucks and arms of all types. It works for the Transportation and Quartermaster Corps transporting the tons of equipment and supplies it takes to keep an Army on the offensive. It performs equally essential service for the Navy, the Marines, the Air Forces and the Coast Guard.

Is it any wonder, then, that our military forces have already requested and received more than 450,000 GMCs...that thousands more are going into Service each month!



In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC is also building many commercial trucks for essential users. If you are eligible for a new truck, your GMC dealer will gladly help you fill out an application. Remember, too, that GMC is headquarters for the original truck-saving Preventive Maintenance Service.



**INVEST IN VICTORY
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**



**GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS**



HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES

VOLUME PRODUCER OF GMC ARMY TRUCKS AND AMPHIBIAN "DUCKS"



America's Largest Selling Whiskey ...Thanks to its Bright Morning Taste!

AMERICA's first choice . . . the whiskey of first *quality* . . . SCHENLEY Reserve. Every mellow drop is pre-war whiskey blended with choice

American grain neutral spirits. Help yourself . . . soon . . . to the "Sunny Morning Taste" of America's *largest selling* whiskey, SCHENLEY Reserve.

SCHENLEY

Reserve

They also serve, who
BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

BLENDING WHISKEY 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD; 40% STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

A Product of SCHENLEY Distillers Corporation...THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES



THE VETERAN'S RETURN

(Continued from page 11)

in war industries. Draft boards and all other agencies fully co-operating. Communities also doing good work in this connection. No beefs. Only 5 percent of those returning are ineligible for such reconversion. These are the problem cases. Excellent progress is being made in educational, vocational and other programs. Universities here are doing good work. Veterans keep to themselves, have a very serious mien and leave the other (non-war) students strictly alone. Over-all picture in this area very good.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Everybody who wants work can get it here and as result not many discharged veterans have applied for educational benefits under the GI Bill. War plants have hired a substantial number of veterans, including seriously disabled men, through the USES. Selective Service and other agencies concerned recently established a downtown Veterans' Information Center to help discharged men find jobs and otherwise assist their readjustment. Of 135,000 persons in service from the metropolitan area, about 10 percent have been discharged. Approximately 1,200 men, many of them older men seeking vocational training, have applied for educational training. Bigger rush is expected when the bulk of the men return and good-paying jobs are not so plentiful.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Approximately 750,000 men in service and 90,000 discharged to date. All able-bodied veterans find jobs easily because of swollen war demands. There is marked co-ordination of veterans' aid services, particularly in New York City Veterans' Service Center and New York City Headquarters of Selective Service where all local and Federal agencies are handling 2,500 to 3,000 requests for assistance per month. It is expected demobilization will raise load to between 15,000 and 20,000 per month and industry is trying to plan for that goal. Outlook is not too optimistic and hinges largely on speed with which reconversion can be accomplished. Educational and vocational training programs are progressing but in job market of today have hardly had fair test.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Prospects of absorbing approximately 400,000 servicemen into private life are excellent in Pittsburgh's metropolitan area, comprising Western Pennsylvania. Veterans' Administration branch office, USES, local draft boards and large private industries have formed interlocking programs. Industry has catalogued jobs disabled vets can perform, is offering expert employment counsel and vocational training. Colleges and public school systems have available

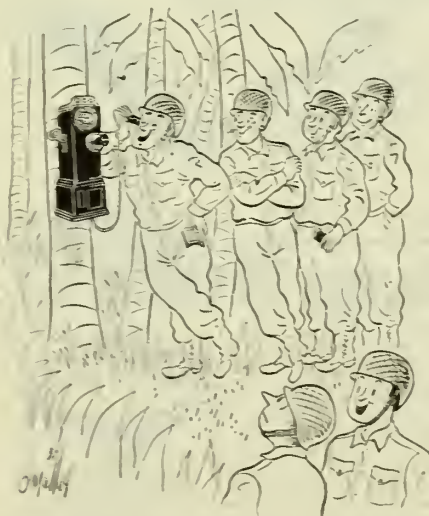
every type of vocational training, with appointed counselors to advise and act as representatives between veterans and government agencies. Draft board personnel are informed on vets' rights under the GI Bill and what agencies handle what problems. Approximately 7,500 servicemen have returned home—600 to enter vocational training.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

This area has about 111,000 men in the service, with 4,700 back in private life, easily absorbed into jobs in the present labor market. Mass hiring prospects as industry contracts are gloomy, for many old-line as well as war-created companies have sent more men into service than they expect to have on post-war payrolls. Firms now co-operate eagerly in placement, often taking disabled men for a one-man job. USES is more successful in placing men in jobs than in persuading untrained to take apprentice training. Draft boards report little trouble in getting employes' old jobs back. A municipal co-ordinating council is working effectively.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Home of the Flying Fortress and Super-fortress and scene of frenzied shipbuilding activity. Seattle has experienced wartime population increase that will complicate the problem of finding jobs for returning veterans. Civilian War Commission has opened Veterans' Information Center with Chamber of Commerce outlining job program in private industry. Estimated 45,000 to 50,000 men and women from the Seattle area have entered armed forces, of whom industry expects to have surplus of 70,000 workers when the war ends. An official of re-employment committee of the State Planning



"Sure! They know it's a dummy phone but it keeps 'em in practice talking to imaginary dates."



GIRLS GATHER 'ROUND men who wear Westminsters. They have what it takes . . . classic patterns, handsome colors, trim fit! In short, they're **RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!**



IT'S PRETTY COZY wearing Westminsters. Feet keep snug and warm while March winds blow. Get the socks that look right, feel right, fit **RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!**



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



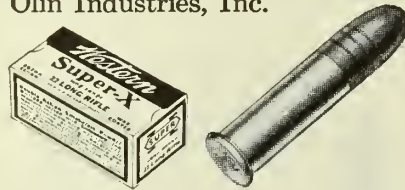
WHOSE DINNER WILL IT BE ...His or Yours?

This sly prowler has a chicken dinner as his objective—maybe it's *your* chicken dinner. Will his cunning and speed outmatch all efforts to put an end to his thefts? Not if Super-X 22 Long Rifle cartridges are relied on to protect the flocks.

The accuracy of Super-X cartridges makes your shots go

exactly where you aim. Their power and speed stop pests instantly—at long ranges.

When war conditions permit the easing of restrictions on commercial ammunition, use the cartridges that improve your shooting and your sport—Western Super-X and Xpert 22's.... Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION

CARTRIDGES • SHOT SHELLS • TRAPS AND TARGETS

ARE YOU HANDY WITH TOOLS?

Learn to Be a Service Mechanic in

REFRIGERATION and AIR-CONDITIONING—at Home!

Exceptional opportunity for men of all ages up to 60. The demand for repair and service mechanics in REFRIGERATION and AIR CONDITIONING is acute, and will continue long after the war. Our practical, thorough course trains you at home. It's easy to grasp. A common school education is enough. No previous experience is required. Learn how to start your own business with \$50 worth of tools in garage or basement. Or take a job in this well paid field. Write for Free Booklet today. No obligation whatever.

**FREE
Booklet**

MECHANICS TRAINING SCHOOL
4701 W. Pico Dept. A-3 Los Angeles 6, Calif.

do you WORRY?

Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.



Brooks Company, 105-G State St., Marshall, Mich.

Send this copy of your magazine to a friend or relative overseas after you have read it.
See page 2 for postage charges.

Council commented that many of the veterans are "fed up" with questioning and red tape and do not want to use the elaborate facilities set up for them.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Approximately 115,000 men from the St. Louis area are in the armed forces. Selective Service State Headquarters will not release number of discharged. Principal post-war expansion item in private industry is the \$100,000,000 construction program of the Union Electric Co. St. Louis is one of the country's seven demonstration centers for veterans' placement. Local USES office integrates all activities for ex-servicemen, with handicapped veterans referred to the Veterans' Division. Veterans' Readjustment Service offers free psychiatric care and treatment to returning veterans. A Central Information Service for veterans will open soon.

★ ★ ★

EDITOR'S NOTE: These reports are part of a program by this magazine to make Legionnaires as well as service men and women generally and their families acquainted with what is being done for discharges under provisions of the GI Bill of Rights which the Legion initiated and guided through Congress into law. In January we carried an account (*Good-Bye, Olive Drab!*) of the discharge process in the Army, with a story on the then-status of the loan features of the law (*Those GI Loans*.) Last month we had an article on Navy discharges (*Permanent Liberty*) and in *Elmira and the Ex-GI* a detailed account of how one city—Elmira, New York—is fitting returned service men and women into its community life. In this issue, in addition to the foregoing there is an article by Tyrrell Krum (see page 14) on implementation of some of the educational features of the GI Bill. From time to time we shall carry other accounts of a like nature.

RAW COURAGE

(Continued from page 21)

self," he said. "I fell down some damned stairs going after chow."

There were a lot of places like St. Vith in the first few days of Von Rundstedt's smash—little private hells on earth, by-passed towns which German armor first skirted in their headlong plunge toward the Meuse and then later tried to surround



"This one may be a little harder to go through."

and wipe out. The enemy didn't succeed anywhere except at Bastogne and that was only temporary, with our troops in other towns resisting as long as they could and then pulling out.

What the Germans did with St. Vith, capturing it with heedless sacrifice of manpower because they needed its key supply roads, they also tried to do with Malmedy for the same reason—and failed. They failed because of infantry soldiers like PFC Francis Currey of Hurleyville, New York and PFC Adam Lucero of Las Animas, Colorado.

Four days before Christmas was a bad day for their platoon. The Nazis smashed into them in the darkness of a fog-bound night, using a Sherman tank with American markings to pace the attack and overrunning American defenses on the Malmedy-Stavelot Road.

Finally the outfit was forced back into a paper factory at the edge of town and then Currey and Lucero started their own private terroristic campaign.

Currey, whose usual weapon is a Browning automatic, found a bazooka. There was no ammunition for it, so he ducked across a street swept by enemy fire, got some and ducked back amid another hail of bullets.

A German tank was lumbering slowly down the road in full view of the pair. They felt an impulse to duck but instead hastily loaded the weapon and cut loose. The rocket hit squarely on the turret of the tank and knocked it out.

That was the beginning. Next the pair ran up some stairs to get a better view from the second story of their building. The view was good—three tanks and a Nazi-held house. Currey saw three green-clad Boches lurking in the doorway. He put down the bazooka, took up his rifle, aimed, and in a quick, steady burst killed all three.

But there were still the tanks. Quickly Currey and Lucero worked out a plan. Lucero would stay at the window. Currey would take the bazooka and ammunition and see how close he could get to them while Lucero covered him.

It was a dirty hundred-yard trip for Currey. Boche machine gun fire raked the street and bit little flakes of stone from

A Promise that is more important today than ever



THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW



A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Men derive a deep satisfaction in finding today's Old Crow unchanged—despite wartime conditions. Not as plentiful, of course, as in pre-war days, but you should be able to get Old Crow if you keep asking for it.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, Bottled-in-Bond



DID YOU EVER DREAM

OF GOING INTO

BUSINESS for YOURSELF

Here's your chance sell **STRAND** **MADE-TO-MEASURE** **CLOTHES**

Fine Fabrics--Made To Individual Measure: Every fabric in the Strand line is 100% all-wool—and there are hundreds to choose from. Every garment is cut and tailored to exact measure—and at **POPULAR PRICES**—prices even less than many "ready-mades!" Among the thousands of satisfied Strand customers are men in every walk of life—professional men, important executives, government officials. Every man you know is a **REAL PROSPECT** for Strand made-to-measure clothes!

Guaranteed Satisfaction. Strand Clothes are backed by a written guarantee of "satisfaction or money back." We couldn't possibly make that offer unless we were successful in pleasing the men who buy Strand made-to-measure clothes.

Good Quick Profits. Every sale you make nets you a substantial, immediate profit. And, if you are a good producer, our "Extra Profits plan" makes it possible for you to earn even more. Yet, because Strand Clothes are sold by you, **DIRECT FROM THE MAKER TO THE WEARER**, the prices are surprisingly low.

Full Time or Part Time. It's pleasant work—calling on men at their homes or places of business and offering them a fine selection of clothes made to their measure at prices that actually save them money! Whether you devote all your time to the tailoring business or only part time, you make good money!

Your Outfit Free! We'll furnish you everything you need to start business—including large samples of hundreds of all-wool fabrics and a fine looking selling outfit. We instruct you exactly how to take correct measurements. Yes, sir, we'll start you in business without a penny's cost to you! Just write us that you saw this ad and we'll do the rest.

STRAND

TAILORING CO., Inc.

Dept. L-53, 2501 to 2511 E. EAGER STREET
BALTIMORE-3, MARYLAND

the buildings. Every few seconds an 88 shell would crash into the town. Currey wriggled forward. He stopped when he saw he was only twenty yards from the tanks and fifty yards from the house.

The house came first. Currey got up quickly, fired another burst from the bazooka. One wall of the house caved in on the barricaded Germans.

As he turned his attention to the tanks Currey noticed that several American soldiers were crouched in a hole between the tanks and the house. They were trapped; some were wounded—and they had only rifles to use against the tanks.

The incredible Currey again crossed the streets covered by enemy machine gun fire and returned this time with a bunch of rifle grenades. He took his aim and then fired one after another with such speed that the occupants of the tanks fled to the now ruined house. By feats of the greatest daring he succeeded in getting the Americans out of danger.

For the first week the German penetration was split into two spearheads separated by St. Vith. When St. Vith fell it became one big spearhead but inside the spearhead like blotches on the German map were heroic holdout American crews. In all cases except at Bastogne they escaped being surrounded, making their way to safety after exerting maximum delaying efforts.

In one town a Logansport, Indiana sergeant named William Widner was aiming a machine gun in one wing of a monastery. With two wounded men serving as his crew he held the wing while the rest of the monastery twice changed hands. While that was happening thirty of his comrades who had been trapped elsewhere in the building, ran out of ammunition and were captured. Again and again SS troopers charged the position held by Widner. They would charge down a long hall at the far end of which the sergeant had barricaded himself. They would scream the hundred decibel "Heil Hitler" that Panzer troops used while the going was good

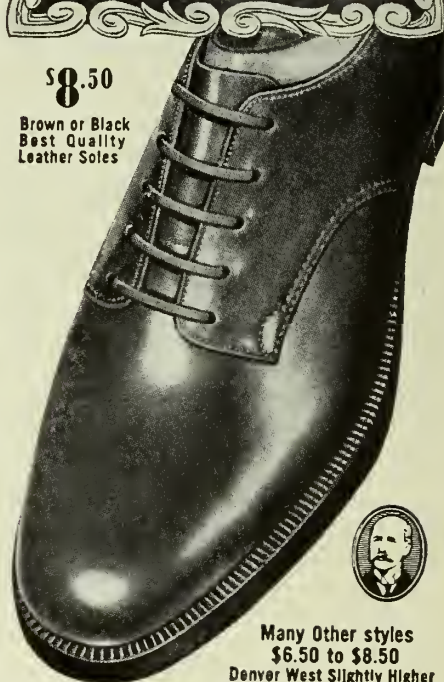


"Never mind how it happened!
Go get the post engineers!"



\$8.50

Brown or Black
Best Quality
Leather Soles



Many Other styles
\$6.50 to \$8.50
Denver West Slightly Higher

W. L. Douglas Shoes
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities
Good Dealers Everywhere

★ INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS ★

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HDQTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, NOVEMBER 30, 1944

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,202,757.49
Accounts Receivable	227,111.57
Inventories	127,485.14
Invested Funds	3,178,546.59
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	246,426.19
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	119,539.04
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	55,459.74
Deferred charges	125,364.75
	\$5,282,690.51

Liabilities, Deferred Revenues and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 120,334.80
Funds restricted as to use	48,864.85
Deferred revenue	909,900.21
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	246,426.19
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital ... \$3,168,690.43	
Unrestricted Capital .. 788,474.03	3,957,164.46
	\$5,282,690.51

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, National Adjutant



"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

THERE's still a tough war to win. And our boys are in there pitching, with the one aim of doing the Big Job.

At home the job is backing them up . . . and that includes doing our best for the honorably discharged men coming out of the Services. Already, they number more than a million — and the number grows with the casualties of every battle.

"Where do we go from here?" is the question now facing each of the men coming back. And the same question will confront millions of others on the day of Victory.

On the answer depends success in industry, business or profession . . . as every Legionnaire learned. The Legion found out the hard way and that's why it has called the change from fighting clothes to civvies "the toughest reconversion job America faces."

As a member, you helped fight for and put over the Legion-conceived

G. I. Bill of Rights. This law—already historic — recognizes the importance of *training* for victory in civilian careers as for victory in war. Such training at home and on the job is the business of the International Correspondence Schools, pioneers of Adult Vocational Education.

For the man who wants to study for security and advancement while holding down a job, there's nothing quite like I. C. S. We've trained hundreds of thousands of Americans in this way and thousands of them are industrial and commercial leaders.

Many are Legionnaires. If you aren't a graduate yourself, *ask any one of them.* In any event, write for the informative booklet prepared for you and others interested in G. I. Joes.

There's a clear-cut solution here for every returning veteran of your family and acquaintance who aims to do his studying for success right on the job.

The International Correspondence Schools

BOX 7581-D, SCRANTON 9, PENNSYLVANIA

Representatives in principal cities in the United States, Latin America, Canada, Great Britain

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS





For Men Who Really Know Pipes



Patented

Royalton **CROWN**

Cool, dry smoking is half the pleasure of a pipe. Royalton Crown redoubles your satisfaction because its six patented features 'wring' the smoke dry as it passes from bowl to mouthpiece. Every puff is dependably free from strong juices and tobacco shreds. Result: an everlastingly dry pipe in a class by itself for complete smoking satisfaction.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. • OZONE PARK, NEW YORK



"Move over! I brought some breakfast up for myself too!"

in this drive. Again and again Widner mowed them down. One of the wounded several times slipped out of the wing and returned with ammunition. He refused to go to an aid station, saying that Widner needed him.

At the end of two days and nights the besieged trio were relieved. Nobody yet knows how many Nazis they accounted for, but dozens were known to be at least wounded in the abortive charges down the monastery hall.

No outfit came closer to disaster nor fought more heroically than the 101st Airborne Division which was surrounded in Bastogne. Before help came the 101st had been reduced to its last 150 gallons of gasoline, had been living on supplies dropped from the air, and had uttered in reply to an involved German demand to surrender a classic "Nuts." That for succinctness will rank for all time alongside "Saw sub, sank same."

Bastogne was the scene of the grimmest American Christmas since Valley Forge. Disaster came quickly and obscenely there, as when a German half track rolled across an American hospital tent, crushing the wounded inside. It came slowly and horribly to one unseen American soldier in the darkness of a field under such heavy German fire that not even the medics could go out. They heard him screaming about his leg. The screams became moans, and then silence. When they finally were able to get to him he was dead.

Bastogne was like that. The attack was like that in those hellish days all over the sector as the little American islands in the sea of German armor in the wedge disappeared and only Bastogne remained to frustrate, then threaten the German push. How much Bastogne meant is now an imperishable part of American history, which perforce will forget the less heroic places where men died stopping an attack that was meant to split the Western Front.

*Make Martinis
with Rum*

*Make
them
Better
with*



RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

Copyright 1945, Ronrico Corp. *Trademarks

New, Glorious PETUNIAS
3-25¢ Packets 10¢
Regular 75¢ Value
This remarkable offer is made to prove the superior quality of our Pure Bred Seed.
One 25c packet each of
ROSY MORN: Rose pink, white throat.
CELESTIAL ROSE: Beautiful rich, satiny rose.
HEAVENLY BLUE: Exquisite violet blue.
Send 10c for this great 75c value, and Condon's 1945 Seed and Nursery Catalog or postal for Catalog alone.
CONDON BROS. SEEDSMEN Box 26 Rockford, Illinois

LAW STUDY AT HOME for Personal Success and LARGER EARNINGS. 35 years expert instruction—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK—"Law and Executive Guidance"—NOW!
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 51-K, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 549 Chicago 4

SPEECH DEFECTS
Acute stammering or loss of voice corrected and normal speech restored. Dr. Martin trained all the aides who corrected "shell shocked" cases during the last war. Only residential institute recognized by the American Medical Association. Veterans trained as specialists under the G. I. Bill.
Apply: Dr. Frederick Martin Box A
NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR VOICE DISORDERS
BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND

BEFORE THE AID MAN CAME

(Continued from page 23)

difficulty I managed to empty my pockets and sort out a few things. With one hand I scooped out a little hole in the cinders of the bank, and laboriously buried my notebook and a few other things I didn't want the Germans to paw over. It wasn't really necessary, but it made me feel a little better. Then I lay back and let my scrambled thoughts revert to the early hours of the dawn, and the progress of our assault on The Town.

Before any mental picture of that attack could take shape, my memory was recapturing some of the sounds. The high voice of the platoon leader came back to mind calling out with sudden urgency, "Pete! For crysakes put a clip into that window in that yellow building! Come on, Costello, keep behind that goddam wall. This ain't maneuvers!" The mortar squad had put five rounds into a high tower, the explosions shattering the air with a flat coughing bang while the lieutenant yelled, "You sons-abitches—cover that goddam Schmeizer!" And I could remember well the familiar high cycle "burrp" of the German machine pistol.

Pictures emerged from the sounds—darting rushes, the sudden diving for cover as the lead squad closed in at the edge of The Town. One bunch had got stuck in the ooze of a soggy vegetable garden and their cussing had been classic. But of course, in the end, we'd taken the town as we knew we would. The boys had gone through it broadside—through back yards—over fences—down alleys. They had strung out abreast and swept the town clean house by house, their brown battle jackets forming a kaleidoscopic pattern of grim movement.

The Town had been a mess. They always were by the time we took them.

Memory of the rest of the morning became confused and broke down into unrelated fragments. The captain had been mad about something—but I couldn't remember what—there had been a long wait while plans were made for the taking of the next objective. Then my memory began to clear because the attempt on the second objective for the day was what had finally brought me to grief.

The second objective! It was a little suburb, hardly more than a crossroads, lying about two miles to the east of The Town. The dope was that we would have little to do other than walk into it. But that was before we knew about the pillbox by the railroad track. At the time I'd debated whether I should go back to the Press Camp and begin work on my story for the Legion Magazine. Instead, I decided to follow the attack. You know—I had to be the intrepid correspondent—the eager beaver. Well, I certainly didn't feel so



The Brewster

Style 4322
Brown Calf
Heavy Single Sole

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

Does Nunn-Bush make the world's finest shoes for men? At least the earnest endeavor to do so has resulted in a product so fine that every man owes himself a personal answer to the question. Discover for yourself what *Ankle-Fashioning* does for better fit, for added heel comfort, for amazingly greater style mileage.

Most Styles

\$10 to \$13.50



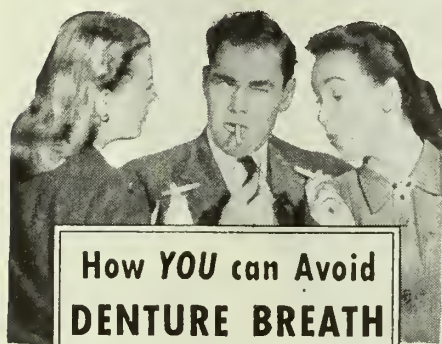
The Cordova

Style 2520
Brown Calf
Dura-Sole and Heel

See your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



Three on a match? No, it isn't your blowing out the match he objects to. It's your . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending. Don't brush with cleansers that scratch plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

Play safe! . . . Soak denture in Polident 15 minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach — keeps your plate clean and odor-free.

NO BRUSHING

What's more . . . brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges on your plate. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate may loosen. There's no brushing—so no such danger with Polident—and soaking is so easy, so sure.



Later—Now here's two on a perfect match! No offensive Denture Breath. She's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge or dental plate, *play safe*. Use Polident daily to help maintain the original natural appearance of your denture. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

Use POLIDENT Daily
TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

On March 1st, the American Red Cross opens its appeal to the nation for \$200,000,000 to continue its world-wide operations with battlefront troops, in hospitals and on the home front.

Red Cross Chairman Basil O'Connor points out that the need for Red Cross services in the coming year will be greater than ever before.

American Legion leadership has this to say: "The Red Cross has exemplified the fine, traditional spirit of American helpfulness. The approach of the postwar reconstruction period will not lessen the calls for Red Cross services. To carry on its important work the Red Cross . . . is now engaged in raising its 1945 War Fund. In that endeavor, it has the full co-operation of The American Legion."

damned intrepid or too eager right now.

We were first aware of trouble when the familiar whistle of a bullet had sent us flopping to the dirt with sudden alacrity. That flop stuff is automatic. But whereas there usually is a handy depression to roll into, this particular spot did not have a man-sized hole in sight.

The captain had been looking around frantically and calling over the radio to his unit leader on the left, "Send a squad through that clump of trees! Get a BAR team to cover that knoll in the swamp!" His words were sharp with anxiety and his face was bewildered. But he was doing his job. One of our men jumped to his feet and dashed to the top of the bank. He'd put his helmet on the muzzle of his rifle and poked it cautiously over the top of the cut, but it drew no fire. Nor had we expected it to. The bullets obviously were coming from a quarter that had us under direct observation.

It seems incredible that we hadn't spotted that goddam pillbox from the very beginning. As I've said, the Siegfried Line had been breached two months before, but we had little reason to suppose that all of its many strong points were out of the way. Anyway, there it was—right up the track toward the crossing, just a little to the left. It was built into a solid bunker of earth revealing on its forward face a narrow slab of concrete perhaps 25 feet across.

I had been flat on my back, squeezing my shoulders to the ground and twisting my head to take in the situation. The bullets were getting thicker, and the captain had to do something about it. I heard one slug slap into a chunk of wood close by my helmet, and then my body gave a little jump. Something hard and flat had belted

»MARXMAN» FOR MEN OF ACTION



MARXMAN PIPES ease the tension . . . the strain of battle, the breakneck pace in the office and factory. Men of action everywhere depend on MARXMAN PIPES to relax . . . to lighten the load!

Enjoy the smoothness, the mellowness, the cool and satisfying sweetness of a MARXMAN. Every pipe is bench-made by expert craftsmen from thoroughly aged, selected briars. There's a MARXMAN PIPE for every taste—all the popular styles and also many exclusive shapes. Look for »MARXMAN» on the next pipe you buy.



MOROCCO
Featherweight at
\$250

MEL-O BRIAR
Famous Pipes at
\$350

SUPER BRIAR
Rare Grains at
\$500

AT FINE STORES—EVERYWHERE

»MARXMAN»
27 W. 24th Street, New York City

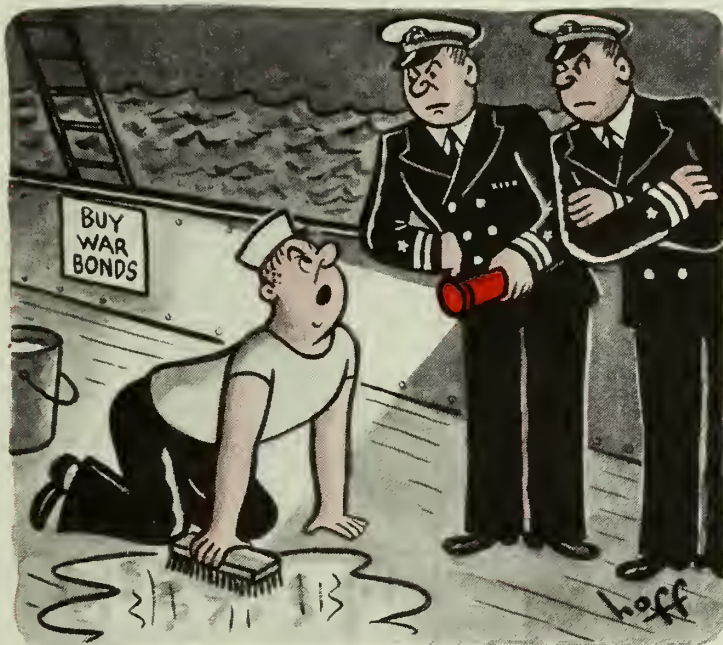
Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine—just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes. This soothing powder brings quick relief to tired, burning feet. When shoes pinch and torture you from all-day standing—Allen's Foot-Ease is what you want. Acts instantly to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents foot odors. So, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease—the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. Get it today at all druggists.

TOMATO FREE TRIAL
FOR
Our 1944 Trials—33 varieties Tomatoes proved Victory Tomato earliest of ALL. Ripe Tomatoes red, thick, solid, in 48 days from plants. We are introducing it in every State. Try it.
40 SEEDS Free for TRIAL
Send Address on Post Card Today
1945 SEED BOOK FREE
See Page 2 - New Flower Free Trial
MILLS SEED HOUSE
Box 80 ROSE HILL, N.Y.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**

DATED



"And to think I was a salesman who worried about not getting enough orders."

MEETING THE URGENT NEEDS of the Armed Forces and the essential war industries is a terrific assignment. It calls for almost all the "Eveready" flashlight batteries we can make. As a result, the civilian supply is extremely thin.

But rest assured that when this war is finished you will be able to obtain all the "Eveready" batteries you want. And they will be superior batteries—perfected for even longer service and more efficiency.



Don't spend these days—lend! Buy more War Bonds!



The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Co., Inc.

me square above the stomach and I knew with sickening finality that I'd had it.

When I spoke my voice surprised me. The men around me were staring at me. But not for long. The captain's shouts rose above the whistling scream of ricocheting bullets, ordering the column to withdraw. So back they went, keeping well down, and needing no urging whatever. I could remember the captain's contorted, sweating face close to mine as he gripped my coat and said hoarsely, "Listen! I want you to try to crawl out with me. Make a try."

I'd struggled to my knees but they wouldn't hold me up. I remembered that I'd taken my camera off from around my neck and shoved it at the captain gasping, "It's no good, Keefe. Get the hell out of here, and good luck." He'd squeezed my arm and gone off down the tracks on all fours, with the bullets swarming past his retreating rear.

I could hardly remember at what time I'd noticed the GI sprawled motionless less than fifty yards behind me. I had supposed he was dead but after several hours he had suddenly scrambled to his feet and dashed for the bend in the track. He had been playing 'possum all that time.

There had been another time when a sudden wave of pain had made me decide that I should either get back to our lines

or get the thing finished with at once. One way or the other. The memory was very obscure but I know that I had staggered to my feet and gone weaving down the tracks with grim purpose, mumbling out loud "All right, you bastards, if you can shoot so hot, let's see what you can do now." But I hadn't made more than a dozen steps before I'd tumbled down on the bank once more.

Yes, it had been a bad time. I felt like a disembodied corpse, blown in two but unable to die. I thought of a drawing I had once done for The American Legion Magazine illustrating a story called *Joe's War** by Robert Ormond Case. It had been a yarn about a boy who had been shot in the middle, at Tarawa, and in my wandering fancy I saw myself in Joe's place. It confused me to focus my eyes and see that after all I really wasn't on a sandy strip of Pacific beach but was still sprawled out on a stretch of track somewhere in western Germany.

The sun was about down by now, and I must have dozed, for I suddenly jerked to consciousness acutely aware of a tremendous, clanking roar. For a moment that wave of mechanical sound beating against the quiet of the evening was too incongruous to comprehend, but by the time I

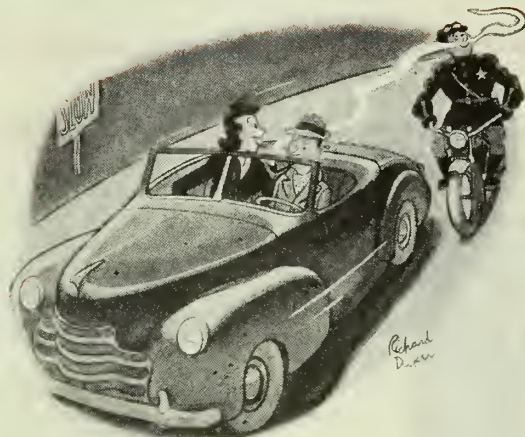
swiveled my head toward the bend in the track, I knew what I would see. It was the tanks, our tanks—a whole platoon of them grinding up the roadbed in column.

"Thank God," I thought wearily, "the



"He has his heart set on Venice."

* P. 12, June, 1944 A.L.M.



"He's not chasing you, dear. He's just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh."

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Background Music for an Enjoyable Time

TUNE UP YOUR DRINKS with Canada Dry Water. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" keeps them full of life ... sparkle lasts to the bottom sip.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda—is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home ... it costs no more than ordinary mixers.

BIG BOTTLE
15¢
Plus deposit



CANADA DRY
WORLD FAMOUS
WATER
The Life of the Drink

Jerries won't get me after all." Somehow my legs had got up on the tracks once more, and with some effort I pulled them out of the way as the first tank came rolling up in a blast of noise and heat.

And then I saw the men. They were grouped between the tanks, striding forward some yards apart, with their helmets strapped tight and their rifles held at high port. I think I smiled for the first time that day. They looked so tough, so formidable and so confident. I recognized that expressionless mask with which they glanced at my bloody body. I had worn that mask myself whenever I had looked at casualties, and I knew what those men were thinking.

On they came, squad after squad of them, and as they passed, my numb mind conjured up a queer illusion. It was a vision of a marching column that had no end. It was a picture of squads—countless squads—endless squads—company after company and regiment after regiment, and every man of them was striding into Germany with his face set and his gun held high.

I CAUGHT a glimpse of the bobbing helmet on the aid man when he was still a long way off. By the time he reached me, I had my arm ready for the morphine.

* * *

Writing this piece has been one of the most difficult things I have ever tried to do. It is a very personal story and one which I would ordinarily hesitate to tell were it not for the fact that the death by battle of thousands of our sons is something Americans now have to reckon with, increasingly so as the tempo of war steps up. As a story about myself it doesn't matter a damn, but it is also the story of your boy and your neighbor's boy who are dying every hour, and I do feel that the brutal fact of this tragic but necessary sacrifice should be emphasized—HAMILTON GREENE





HELP YOUR COMMUNITY DRIVES

.. and You Help America

In Colonial days when a family faced misfortune, kindly neighbors set up a melting pot before the door. The community was quick to contribute, because lean and perilous years taught our forefathers that only by helping one another could all survive and earn security in a land of growing opportunities.

Today, when this hard-won security is in

jeopardy, our country and many of its citizens need a helping hand. The Red Cross, the War Chest, the scrap and salvage drives and other calls on each community are realistic reminders of the pioneer spirit that bound our nation together . . . that gave us the highest standard of living the world has ever known. When we help our neighbors we help our country.

In every community, Budweiser is known as the Perfect Host to a host of friends. To serve your neighbors beer is simple hospitality, but to serve them Budweiser is a gracious compliment . . . and, it makes your simple wartime meals taste better.



Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber Aluminum • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

©1944

CROTON is the only

AQUAMATIC

Self-Winding Waterproof Watch



Best by actual test!
Wrist action winds it
and keeps it running.
Waterproof, shock-resistant,
luminous dial, 17 jewels. \$45.
Booklet "A" on request.
Croton Watch Co., Inc.,
48 W. 48th, New York 19.

Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

More Meat PER DOLLAR OF FEED COST

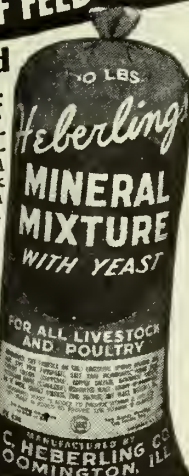
When You Add
Heberling's MINERAL
MIXTURE with YEAST

AT LAST—the perfect, scientifically Balanced combination of essential Minerals and Vitamins for ALL livestock and poultry... No more need of having half a dozen kinds of FEED supplements—this of FEED mixture promotes thoroughly tested mixture aids normal health, promotes rapid growth and better productivity. Sixteen superb ingredients blended to take care of your cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, poultry, etc., helping produce healthier, huskier animals QUICKER. Each dollar of Heberling Minerals fed saves at least \$6 worth of feed—and the Government predicts a 17,000,000-Ton feed shortage THIS year. **AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY!** A post card will bring our local Dealer to help you solve feeding problems. Send it today.

DIRECT DEALERS WANTED
(Full or Part Time)

OPENINGS in many counties for additional high-type men to take orders for America's finest Mineral Mixture with Yeast, to promote growth of Poultry and Livestock of all kinds. Also Flavors, Spices, Soaps, Medicines, Cosmetics, backed by 42 year reputation. **WE START YOU ON OUR CAPITAL**—furnishing everything you need to **START MAKING MONEY FROM VERY FIRST DAY.** Experience unnecessary. Write now for details sent FREE on request.

The G. C. HEBERLING Co.
Dept. 147, BLOOMINGTON,
ILLINOIS



NIGHT BUS

(Continued from page 13)

"Well . . ." said Avery but the man went on speaking . . .

"You know, it don't take a feller long to find out the Army's the life after all. The mud and the shooting and the dying part ain't so good, but it ain't all mud and shooting and dying now, when you come to think of it. You get taken care of; you eat steady and get your clothes. You got no worries or responsibilities. Why, the Army's easy compared to the fight of making things work out as a civilian. There's all the competition and guys grabbing for a dollar and trying to keep you down. Now in the Army you know just where you are all the time. You're not on your own trying to make a living. I don't blame you for wanting to duck away and get back where it's safe. You're smart . . ."

An irritation was gnawing at Avery's throat. But you couldn't bawl out a guy for just saying out loud things you had been thinking. To cover his feelings he said, "Sounds like you'd done some soldiering yourself. . . ."

The answer came back out of the darkness, "Oh yes, in my time, like we all do—in our time. But like you say, a feller's entitled to have a little good time after he comes back from the fighting and not be at the beck and call of some old fool who has stayed at home making money and getting rich. . . ."

Avery could not remember that he had said that, but it had been uppermost in his mind ever since he had been back. The voice seemed to go endlessly on, but always quietly soothing and friendly with argument on his side. . . .

"Why should a man care what happens after a war? Ain't it enough a feller has to do the fighting without having to worry about a lot of mucky-mucks sitting around a table arguing about who gets what? You did your share. What more do they want? I don't blame you for going on up to Cleveland . . ."

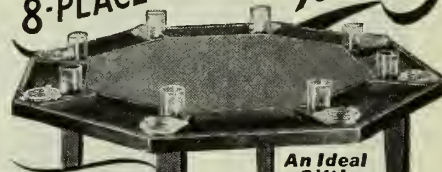
"Look here," Bill Avery began, but stopped because of the approach of an oncoming car. He thought it would be a good chance to get a look at his garrulous companion.

But when the car approached to within shadow range, it suddenly threw up its brights and the glare of the sharp light momentarily blinded Avery, and he could see nothing for some time after the sound of the car had vanished in the distance.

But he heard for the second time the young, fresh, excited voice of the boy. Avery had quite forgotten the presence of the old man's youthful companion, "Grand-daddy! I can tell all the ribbons. He's American defense, and Africa and Europe, and the Purple Heart, and the Silver Star."

Quietly came the old man's reply: "That's right, sonny. He's been a good soldier . . ."

NEW PORTA-POKER 8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD Table



- FOLDS DOWN TO 4 INCHES THICK
- EASILY STORED IN SMALL PLACE
- OFFICIAL SIZE 4 FT. DIAMETER
- EIGHT NON-SPILL GLASS HOLDERS AND ASH TRAYS
- MAHOGANY ALCOHOL-PROOF FINISH



An Ideal Gift!
A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable playtable for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only \$34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes ideal gift.

HOME EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. D-91
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME

Headquarters for game room equipment . . . accessories for the home. Unusual games, barbecue supplies, etc.

Write for

"Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly; once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. Prescription.

NAUSEA

...Helps to control
organs of balance.
Quiets the nerves.

THE WORLD OVER



FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4552-C, ELMIRA, N. Y.

The boy said: "When I grow up I'm going to be a soldier and go to war too."

Something stirred in Avery. That's the way it always was with kids. If they only knew what a lousy deal war was, that there wasn't any glory when you got right down to it, it was just stink and dirt and being scared and hungry and dog tired. He said, "You forget that, son. You don't want to go to war. It's no good."

The boy's voice piped out of the enveloping night, "Oh yes. I do. I'm going to grow up and be a soldier like you and go to war and win medals. I'll get a machine gun and go 'B-a-a-a-a-a-a-a . . .' won't I, Grand-daddy?"

Bill Avery felt a kind of anger at the way the boy talked. He felt as though he wanted to lay hands on him and shake him and say, "No, no . . . nix, you little sap, war's so rotten the medals don't mean anything any more when you get them," and a lot more about what he had learned in the fighting. But it wasn't any use arguing with a kid. Instead he said, "You just take it easy with that soldier stuff, son. Maybe there won't be any war for you when you grow up . . ."

"Oh yes, there will." It was the old man who had chimed in softly.

The slow anger against him and the things he had been saying that had been rising in Avery could no longer be suppressed. He cried sharply—"What do you mean— 'Oh yes, there will'?"

"There'll be a war for sonny when he grows up. You'll take care of that." The old man made it a simple, matter-of-fact statement.

"I'll take care of that! What the hell do you mean?" It was maddening to be so angry at someone he could not even see, a feeling of a shape in the darkness, and a

voice. And more maddening still that when the old man replied there was no reaction or reflection of anger in him.

"You'll make his war for him just as I made this one for you, the way we always do afterwards."

"I don't get you. I don't understand what you mean."

The old man replied in his soothing, friendly temperless voice, "Oh, it's simple enough. Like when I came back after the last war. I was pretty smart too. A lot of stuff was going on with the politicians and the peace, but that was none of my business, was it? I was busy and by the time I'd had my fling and went back to my family, the new war was fixed up."

Rage was beginning to blind Bill Avery. He shouted: "That's a lie! Why do you talk that way?"

"Because we know . . ."

"You know! You know! You know a hell of a lot. Who are you, anyway?"

From the smothering blackness all about him came the old man's voice once more. "Why Bill, I'm surprised. Don't you know me? I'm your father. And this is your son . . ."

A kind of pain was choking Bill Avery's throat and his eyes were blinded by helpless angry tears. He cried out, "Are you crazy? What are you talking about? I haven't got a father. He's dead. And I haven't got any son. I ain't even married yet. I . . ."

And now the darkness was lifted, for a few hundred yards away the gleam of the gas station at Bell City Junction and the necklace of lights along Highway 93 raised the gloom.

Bill Avery turned his head to look at his two companions and then stopped still in his tracks and set his suitcase down.

Andover
CLOTHES

Represented
by Leading
Dealers
Everywhere

*Always a step
ahead in the
style parade*

Andover Clothes, Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.

YANKS WHO FLY 'EM
YANKS WHO 'TEND 'EM
RATE AS PALS
THE GALS WHO
SEND 'EM -

Burma-Shave



6 ways to be your own boss!

NOW, more than ever before, is the right time to start a small profitable business of your own... or train yourself for a practical money-making trade in which you can be independent. TODAY take your first step, without cost or obligation. Just mail coupon—and by return mail you will get full information on the courses listed here.

watch and clock repairing



LEARN AT HOME... IN YOUR SPARE TIME. Prepare for a happy future of prosperity, security... and get a big-pay job now. You can **EARN WHILE YOU LEARN**. Excellent field for part-time work at home. **PRACTICAL**

COURSE IN HOROLOGY

Thorough self-instruction training in American & Swiss watches, clocks. Special sections on alarm clock repairs. Interesting **LEARN-BY-DOING** instruction method. Learn **QUICKLY**, easily. No previous experience necessary. **WATCHMAKING IS BASIC TRAINING FOR AIRCRAFT INSTRUMENT WORK** and other scientific precision jobs.

Amazing Low Price! Money-Back Guarantee! Get into this fast-growing field NOW... big opportunity. Mail coupon below for **FREE** information. No obligation.

locksmithing and key making

Practical Up-To-Date Course

How to pick locks, de-code, make master-keys, repair, install, service, etc. New self-instruction lessons for every handy man, home-owner, carpenter, mechanic, service station, fix-it-shop, hardware dealer or gunsmith.

35 Easy Illustrated Lessons

Low Price! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Write now... no obligation!

practical RADIO servicing

SELF-INSTRUCTION COURSE

Teaches you the **practical** side of radio... repair, adjustment, operation, alteration, trouble-shooting. No previous knowledge is necessary. Large clear illustrations, diagrams, charts, etc. **Interesting STEADY WORK**

Set up a radio repair shop of your own—or prepare for booming industrial electronics. This useful, how-to-do-it course brings you all the fundamentals, including mathematics, review questions, problems, answers. Strictly up-to-date. Low price. Send Coupon below for information!

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Your Big Opportunity!

34-lesson course on proved, tested, up-to-date profitable methods. Amazing treasure-house of the best mail order plans & practices. How to start your mail order business on a small one-man scale, how to keep it growing more and more profitable month after month. Money-making **FACTS!** Mail coupon below for full details.

Practical REFRIGERATION



BRAND NEW STREAMLINED COURSE for quick training. Authoritative step-by-step instruction on servicing household refrigerators... how to install, operate, repair. Easy-to-follow illustrated directions on trouble-shooting, parts replacement, testing. Covers quick-freeze units, lockers, water coolers, freon, air-conditioning systems, etc. Unusually low price. Free details—mail coupon.

AUTO mechanics



Let this **practical, low-priced** course get you started in the auto repair trade. Good mechanics make big money NOW... and have a great future! Self-training lessons show you exactly what to do and how to do it. Teaches servicing on all makes of cars, trucks, and light trucks. Includes tune-ups, etc. Clearly written and illustrated by expert engineers. Satisfaction or refund. **FREE** details.

Nelson Co., Dept. 803, 321 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. **WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS ON ANY OF THESE COURSES.** Just send Coupon for World-Famous Copyrighted Success-Catalog—IT'S FREE! Write today.

FREE details... mail coupon!

Nelson Co., Dept. 803, 321 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. Please send me—**FREE** and without obligation—illustrated Success-Catalog containing information about the courses (or courses) I have checked below. No salesman will call.

- ☐ Watch and Clock Repairing ☐ Practical Radio Servicing
☐ Locksmithing, Key Making ☐ Mail Order Business
☐ Practical Refrigeration ☐ Auto Mechanics

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

There was no one there. He was quite alone.

He walked back to where he had left his suitcase and stood there for a long while, his head sunk on his chest.

He was still standing there when the night bus for Cleveland turned the bend, stopped and went on. Then he sighed gently once, straightened, picked up his suitcase, and turning, walked away into the darkness in the direction of Setonia.

AFTER DISCHARGE

(Continued from page 16)

veterans' rights in education, the scale varies, but in general he will receive the top monthly payment of \$50 if in a full-time course with, of course, the extra \$25 if he has someone actually dependent upon him for support.

However, the term "full-time" study means what it says and anyone who attends classes as a sideline to a regular job will find his subsistence rated down accordingly, and in some cases he will not receive any additional payment.

So much for the GI Bill of Rights. There is still the PL 16 to be considered because here is found what experts in the world of vocational rehabilitation consider the "bible" for men coming back from the war disabled by injuries or illness.

PL 16 lays down a simple formula of rehabilitation for any person who served in the Armed Forces after September 16, 1940, holds an honorable discharge and has a disability incurred in or aggravated in such service for which he is receiving a disability pension or retirement pay.

Vocational rehabilitation and apprentice training-on-the-job leads into a far more complex field than is found for men who merely desire to return to school or college or to take the one-year refresher courses.

There are four main features in such training procedure: In the first place, the training course is for four years, if necessary, and there are no reservations that prior education must have been impeded or interrupted. In other words, there is no 25-year age ceiling to prevent a man of any age taking the training. The only requirement is that he have a service-connected disability of compensable degree and causing vocational handicap.

Secondly, training is carried on in regular industrial training institutions under approval of the Veterans Administration. Upon completion, a job is found for the veteran in private industry. Courses are carried on along established lines of training based on long experience.

Thirdly, the veteran has the added protection, in case he is injured or becomes diseased while on the job, which the GI Bill does not provide. In such case of injury while in training, he receives an additional disability pension.

VETERANS

Let DeFOREST'S Help You

RADIO ELECTRONIC BUSINESS

of Your Own!

Start a

"LEARN-BY-DOING"

VETERANS—your prospects for a Radio Sales and Service Business are BRIGHT! See how DeFOREST'S helps you make your start in this profitable field. No experience needed to start. You "LEARN-BY-DOING" at home from practical Radio parts and lesson texts. You also "LEARN-BY-SEEING" from home movies and a genuine DeVRY projector. The Billion-Dollar Radio-Electronics field also offers the veteran good pay present and future opportunities in Broadcast Radio, Radio Manufacturing, Sound Motion Pictures, etc. DeFOREST'S experienced **EMPLOYMENT SERVICE** helps you get started, once you are trained. DeForest's is preparing an increasing number of veterans for their start in Radio-Electronics under the "G.I. Law." This may be YOUR OWN big opportunity. Get **COMPLETE FACTS** promptly. Mail coupon TODAY!

Send for Literature

MAIL COUPON NOW!

"LEARN-BY-SEEING" WITH HOME MOVIES

DeForest's Training, Inc., 2533 N. Ashland Ave.

Dept. AL-B3, Chicago 14, Illinois

Send **FREE** Victory Book and Kit Folder; also information as to how we may help you under the "G.I. Bill."

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

DeFOREST'S TRAINING, INC.
CHICAGO 14, ILL.

Feet Can Offend Even More Than Bad Breath

A Social Handicap No One Need Suffer

Don't let foot odor embarrass you and offend others. It's needless. Just sprinkle Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into your shoes and stockings every day. You'll not only enjoy security from foot odor, but also quick relief from hot, steamy, tender feet and discomfort of new or tight shoes. It helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Start using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, Toilet Goods Counters.

730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE

AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER

New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades—performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used blades over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strokes on leather. Given keen, smooth shaving edges. No guesswork. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome, compact, sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

Only \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY! Write today. Pay postman only \$1 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 6 days and if you're not delighted with your dollar. Hurry—order today.

RAZOROLL COMPANY
620 North Michigan Avenue, Dept. 633, Chicago 11, Illinois

MAKING MONEY!

LEATHER Jackets

Sell Warm

Hundreds of prospects near you; sportsmen, workers in lumber yards, warehouses, stock rooms, war plants, etc. Men of action demand their snug warmth, free-action comfort, sturdy construction.

COMPLETE LINE

Leather and wool jackets, work shirts, 250 shoe styles for men and women. Liberal Commission. Write today for **FREE SALES OUT-FIG.**

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPewa FALLS, WIS.

PAZO WILL RELIEVE THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

TOMBSTONES DIRECT TO YOU \$9.95

Genuine beautiful ROCK-DALE Monuments, Markers. Satisfaction or MONEY BACK. Freight paid. Free catalog. Compare our prices.



ROCKDALE MONUMENT COMPANY

Dept. 244 Joliet, Ill.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1945 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department. The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW NEW ADDRESS

Name
(Please Print)

Street Address, etc.

City.

State.

1945 Membership Card No.

Post No.

State Dept.

OLD ADDRESS

Street Address, etc.

City.

State.

And, finally, PL 16 provides for loans to the veteran up to \$100 to enable him to get squared away before starting training.

In a word, the three fundamental features of the vocational rehabilitation program are: Advisement on the type of training to be taken up so as to assure a "market" for the veteran when he finishes; training in the speediest and best possible manner; employment at the best possible wage in a desirable private industrial or business pursuit.

To enter upon training-on-the-job a veteran has but to meet the minimum requirements for eligibility set up in the GI Bill although there is no question here, either, of an age limit. In fact, the veteran has only a few additional rights to those which he already has as an American worker in general.

His veteran's status does give him certain rights not enjoyed by non-veterans—particularly with respect to the subsistence payments. In this the Veterans Administration comes in.

Training-on-the-job is conducted primarily under the direction of labor-management committees set up in some 32,000 private plants and construction establishments. The trainee enters the plant as an apprentice, receiving the regular wages for his grade, which is generally a percentage of journeymen's pay.

From then on the veteran earns while he learns.

A RECENT report of the Veterans Administration showed that, as of Nov. 30, 1944, a total of 42,273 disabled veterans had applied for vocational training of which 8,765 were already on the job. The others are working out the final phases of their medical treatments before going to work.

Out of a total of 30,209 applications for formal education under the GI Bill at the same date, 9,582 veterans of World War II were actually enrolled in classrooms. The remainder will enter as soon as their affairs are in shape and classes open up to receive them.

Finally, the War Manpower Commission reports that some 30,000 apprentices are taking training-on-the-job of which about 7,000 are veterans of this war. The others are just young men and boys seeking to perfect themselves in a trade, nearly all working in essential war industry.

★ ★ ★

We are grateful to the following organizations for their kind co-operation in helping us secure the photographs which illustrate this article: Veterans Administration, New York University, Columbia University, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, Modern School of Photography, War Manpower Commission and Advance Pressure Castings, Inc.

To Discharged Service Men and Women:

Here's how you can make sure of YOUR FUTURE

INVESTIGATE and pick now the best field for you after the war—one which offers the best opportunities for your interests and abilities. Then begin preparing systematically. In that way you'll have a head start on others.

Postwar confusion and problems will call loudly for competent men in certain fields—selling and distribution, accounting, traffic, management, etc. These fields have been largely overlooked during the war but will be very important with peace. Other fields may be crowded because so many have trained for them during the war.

LaSalle can help in your decision and preparation. Our thirty-six years of experience with 1,100,000 adult members have given us thorough knowledge of the opportunities and demands of business and industry. And through that same unusual experience we have developed tested and proved spare-time training that prepares one thoroughly, interestingly and quickly for larger success.

If you know which field you prefer, check coupon below for free and full information. If you are not yet sure, write for our counsel. There is no obligation and the answer may be your first step toward a happy and successful career.



LASALLE Extension University A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 3361-R 417 SO. DEARBORN, CHICAGO 5

I want to get ready for my postwar career. Send me your free 48 page booklet about opportunities in the field checked—and information about your home study training in that field.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Selling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: L.L.B. Degree | <input type="checkbox"/> Executive Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ForemanSHIP | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |

Name.....Age.....

Position.....

Address.....

City and State.....

FALSE TEETH

That Loosen Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



The Japanese shelling forced them to jump out of their canoe before they could reach the American destroyer

Abello of Leyte

BY BOYD B. STUTLER

AMERICAN LEGION WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE Boy Scouts of Leyte and of the entire Philippines have a new hero—a lad who through Scout training was prepared for heroic action when the hour of greatest emergency struck.

He is Valeriano Abello, now 26 years old, a former member of Troop 11 sponsored by Leyte Provincial High School of Tacloban. It was his knowledge of semaphore signaling gained through Scout training that prepared him to aid the American Navy to destroy Japanese defenses and save towns and *barrios* from destructive shelling.

Scout Commissioner Jose S. Brillo of the Leyte Provincial Council pieced out the fragmentary stories made available to American newspapers with this account of Abello's service, which saved the lives of hundreds of Filipinos and American service men on the day of our invasion.

"The Japanese Imperial Army had massed its greatest defenses along the eastern coast of Leyte, stretching from the Ambao Mountains to San Juanico Strait which separates Leyte from Samar. It was this area that the American Navy, followed by

the American Army, struck with the greatest fury on the morning of October 20th.

"The defenses included barricades and tank traps, dugouts and slit trenches, supported by additional slit trenches and individual foxholes, all intended to provide coverage for at least a full Jap Division.

"Along the seashore and at strategic points in the hills to the rear were emplaced batteries of mortars and cannon. Abello knew of the shore defense system and the exact location of each battery and big gun position because he had served as a *capataz* under the Japanese—a sort of foreman over the Filipinos who had been forced or induced to work on the defense system.

"When the long line of American ships moved into position on the morning of October 20th, Scout Abello was in Telegrafo, a *barrio* near Tolosa. He did not know of course that the liberators would land that day. But when big shells fell near Tolosa, he ran to the beach to see what he might do to save the populated areas not then occupied by enemy troops.

"On the beach, joined by two companions, Anterio Junia and Vincente Canonigo, he

used his knowledge of semaphore signaling to flash a message to the nearest destroyer: 'Please let me direct the shelling,' he asked. Came the semaphored reply, 'Come immediately—awaiting!' The three men launched a native canoe with outriggers and paddled out to near the destroyer.

"Suddenly a Japanese battery opened fire and shells came so close to the *baroto* the three men had to jump overboard. Lines were thrown out and, exhausted and dripping, they scrambled to the destroyer's deck. Abello was hurried to the bridge.

"I can show you where every shore defense is placed,' he stated, saluting smartly. 'I know, because I helped build them.'

"Acting on information given by the Scout-trained young man, signals were flashed to other ships and to aerial observers, courses were changed, new targets taken and, best of all, Tolosa and other towns were spared the hail of fire that fell on Leyte beach. One by one each strong point and gun battery was silenced by the Navy's shelling, ground troops broken up and a couple of hours later American soldiers swept through the area."



A good detective might "see" a man this way

He's about five feet nine (because those trousers in his trunk have an inseam of 30 inches)

He weighs about 155 pounds (because the waist-band of those trousers measures 32 inches)

He's light-haired, blue-eyed (the colors of his shirts and ties make that a pretty safe bet)

He's suave, well mannered (his fine, custom-made shoes would indicate that)

He's cultured, well educated (you can be sure of that by glancing at the books he's reading)

He's a keen judge of good whiskey (a very simple deduction. That bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon is a complete giveaway)



Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



Come on Chesterfield
*we're changing to
a new outfit...*

Yes, it's a lasting friendship... well-earned
by Chesterfield's three top qualities...

MILDNESS * BETTER TASTE
COOLER SMOKING

And when your G. I. Joe steps out of khaki into a
blue pin-stripe and he's home for keeps, you'll again
enjoy Chesterfields together and agree that nothing
measures up to their...

RIGHT COMBINATION * WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



CHESTERFIELD *They Satisfy*